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Greeneville, Iowa Story  
Iowa Pioneer Life  
Quaker Greene family of Clay Co.  
(genealogical information)  
by Mrs. Elenora Thuirer  
donor: Robert Bower







Thuirer, Elenora  
Iowa Pioneer life-the story of  
Greenville, Iowa.

Book being xeroxed from Iowa Bicent record center

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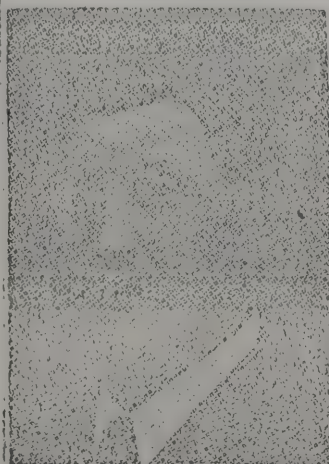




# GREENVILLE

## STORY:

### COMMUNITY FOUNDERS



ALBERT GREENE



LIZZIE GREENE



*Rec. Center Dist. Bldg.*  
Iowa American Revolution  
Bicentennial Commission  
STATE HOUSE 2-3  
DES MOINES, IOWA 50319

## First Pioneers Broke Her Sod In Summer of 1869

*Ancestors in the Greene Family came to  
America from England in 1691*

*Donna Robert Bowler*





# Ar Thuirer Recalls Many Changes in Community During Her 84 Years

point, it took four days to complete the trip with oxen.

In those days there was no coal to burn and many times not even wood, for there was little timber in this particular section of the country. There was, however, plenty of the long prairie grass and many times that had to serve as fuel.

According to Mrs. Thuirer this is how they prepared it for use: "Take a big handful of long, tough slough grass, twist it very hard, double back in the middle and twist the two parts together as tightly as possible, wrap the ends around and tuck in to hold it solid. The result is a piece of fuel about the size of a stick of stove wood which holds the heat for some time."

It was during that long ago summer of 1876, when Elnora was a baby, that the grasshoppers made their last stand in Clay county. The Greenses stood and looked at the queer cloud that was over the sun . . . a grey moving mass. Then fear clutched their hearts for they realized what it meant.

Soon they heard a whirling sound as of a million pair of wings and the grasshoppers were upon them. Every bit of grain, grass or shrub of any kind was covered by the insects and when they finally passed there was nothing left but desolation. Those were dark

It meant food!

The next spring the eggs which the grasshoppers had laid the previous summer began to hatch and once more they attached all growing things. It was then that Greene felt that he never should have come to this country, but soon there was a tap on his shoulder and Lizzie reminded him of God's promise as found in Genesis: "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest and cold and heat and summer and winter and day and night shall not cease." Amazingly the grasshoppers left before they had destroyed all of the crops and that was the last great scourge by them in Clay county.

Everything was not hard in those days for the people enjoyed the simple things of life such as music. An organ found its way into one of the homes in the neighborhood and every Sunday afternoon the young people would gather there to play and sing.

In addition to the old and new hymns they had their popular songs. One which tells much of the life of that day was "The Little Sod Shanty on the Claim." It went like this:

"I am looking rather seedy  
now while holding down my claim."

"Oh, the hinges are of leather and the windows have no glass,  
And the roof it lets the howling blizzard in;  
And I hear the hungry coyote as he sneaks up through the grass,  
'Round my little old sod shanty on the claim."

There were other happy times when the children would swing in the hammock made of ropes and barrel staves or when there would be a spell-down. Then there were the buggy rides, much horseback riding and plenty of picnics.

Two customs in those days were distinctly different from

It is anticipated that in the future a Memorial chapel will be constructed on the expanding Northwestern College campus and this legacy from Mrs. Veld will aid in the development of the project.





# Ar-Thuirer Recalls Many Changes in Community During Her 84 Years

BY VELMA BAKER  
Special Correspondent

In these days of gas furnaces, p freezers, air conditioning and television it is hard to realize that some of our presentidents have lived through anirely different age. One such is Mrs. Elnora Thuirer, 84, of ite 3.

If some of our young people could hear her tell how theyd to sleep on ticks filled with sh smelling straw and that aw was also used as padding then the parlor rag carpet, theyd feel she was almost as far k as the ice age. In fact, some connected in a professional y with farming, stated re-ly that he felt farm life hasd more in the past 50 rs than it had in the cen-ies prior to that since man an the cultivation of crops.

Mrs. Thuirer, daughter of lbert and Lizzie Greene, as brought up in the iends church. Her parents, he were some of the ear-est settlers in Clay county, ere the founders of the itle church which is still in -istence in Greenville. Not ly were Albert and his -ed wife staunch Christians he spoke with the overb-ial "thee," but they were leaders in the new comu-nity which they helped to -ettle. Green was the first -ost master and had the -onor of having the town of Greenville named after him.

With an ever increasing fam-ly of little folk to look after this farmer felt that he should earn more money so in the winter he served as teamster for the Peeso and Merritt store in Spencer. Supplies had to be hauled from Storm Lake which made a long -uit. It took four days to com-plete the trip with oxen.

In those days there was no coal to burn and many times not even wood, for there was little timber in this particular section of the country. There was, how-ever, plenty of the long prairie grass and many times that had to serve as fuel.

According to Mrs. Thuirer this is how they prepared it for use: "Take a big handful of long, rough slough grass, twist it very hard, double back in the middle and twist the two parts together as tightly as possible, wrap the ends around and tuck in to hold it solid. The result is a piece of fuel about the size of a stick of low wood which holds the heat for some time."

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59 Years Ago —

Pictured above is Mrs. Elnora Thuirer as she appeared at the turn of the century when she worked at the now defunct First National bank in Spencer. The daughter of Albert Green, for whom Greenville is named, recalls vividly many of the events and customs of the by-gone days.

days and many of the plo-neers abandoned their homesteads or traded them for teams and wagons—any-thing to get out of the coun-try.

The Greenses determined to stick it out, but it almost meant starvation. They got down to where they had only two things left—cornmeal and faith—Corn-meal mush and corn bread made up their diet. Then one day some money came in the mail—money that had been owed them a long time and which they had thought they never would get. It meant food!

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In addition to the old and new hymns they had their popular songs. One which tells much of the life of that day was "The Little Sod Shanty on the Claim." It went like this:

"I am looking rather seedy  
now while holding down my  
claim,

what we find in 1959.

Mrs. Thuirer describes it this way: "The two feather beds which belonged to the house-hold equipment were used in the parent's room and the guest room. For, however over-crowded the other rooms might be, there was always reserved the one 'spare room' for possible guests?

And there were many guests entertained in this hospitable home. Especially at the time of the Friends quarterly meeting at the church, the house always had its full share of ministers and lay members who came from a distance to attend the meetings. At this time Saturday and Sunday dinner meant that the children must wait.

"That dinner hour seemed long to the hungry youngsters," says Mrs. Thuirer. They thought that there should be less visiting and more time devoted to the real business of the hour. When at last the final helping of fried chicken and the last piece of pumpkin pie had been dis-posed of and the older group had gone to the parlor to continue their visiting, the children were served. Needless to say, they did full justice to the generous portions which had been re-served for them."

## Sanborn Woman Gives Legacy to Northwestern

SANBORN — Northwestern College, Orange City, has recently received \$3,333 from the estate of Mrs. Effie Veld of Sanborn.

This legacy has been given to the Memorial Chapel Fund of Northwestern College and has been added to this established fund which now totals some \$18,000.

It is anticipated that in the future a Memorial chapel will be constructed on the expand-ing Northwestern College cam-pus and this legacy from Mrs. Veld will aid in the develop-ment of the project.

And my victuals are not  
always served the best!

And the mice play aly  
round me as I nestle down  
to rest  
In my little old sod shanty  
on the claim.

"When I left my eastern  
home, a bachelor so gay,  
To try to win my way to  
wealth and fame,

I little thought that I'd  
come down to burning twist-  
ed hay,  
In a little old sod shanty  
on the claim.

"Oh, the hinges are of  
leather and the windows  
have no glass,

And the roof it lets the  
howling blizzard in;  
And I hear the hungry  
coyote as he sneaks up  
through the grass,  
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There were other happy times when the children would swing in the hammock made of ropes and barrel staves or when there would be a spell-down. Then there were the buggy rides, much horseback riding and plenty of ponies.

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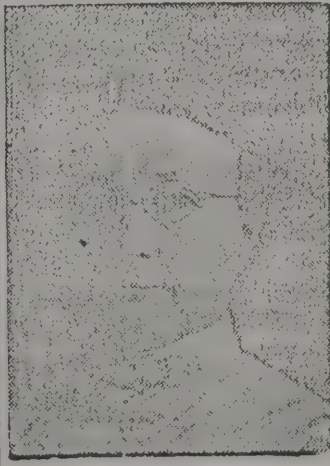


GREENVILLE MAY HAVE had its hey day just after the turn of the century but it is still there after the railroad pulled out and some of the business places have sold out. Folks in this neighboring village to the south are friendly and enjoy their way of living. Located in perhaps the finest agricultural

area of the nation, Greenville has a colorful history and is here to stay. It's main street is shown above with a lumber yard, postoffice, city hall, filling station, general store, garage, cafe and locker plant.



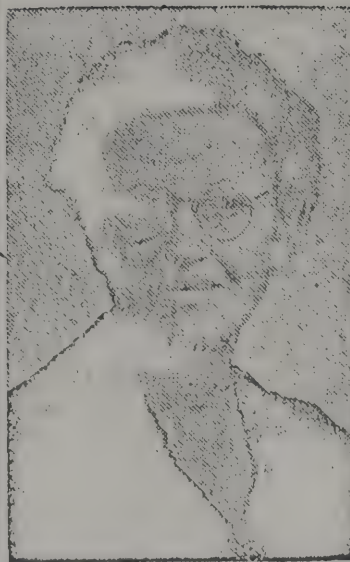
ALBERT GREENE



LIZZIE GREENE







MRS. ELENORA THUIRER

ED NOTE: We take pleasure in reprinting excerpts from the story written by Mrs. Elenora Greene Thuirer of her parents, Lizzie and Albert Greene, first settlers of Greenville. Entitled "Quaker Pioneers", the story is truly warm, rich and inspiring and should offer young and old here the greater appreciation of their land and heritage.—The story will continue in several installments.

*Story written, summer 1934,*





# Albert and Lizzie Green

## Get Aboard Their Covered Wagon for Hard Jolting Trek

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### Chapter I.

By Mrs. Elenora Green Thuier

"Well, Lizzie, everything is loaded. If thee is ready I guess we will start," said Albert Greene, early on the morning of May tenth, in 1869, as the covered wagon and oxen stood in front of his mother's home in Marshall County, Iowa.

"I am ready", Elizabeth answered quietly, no more perturbed than if she were going to visit a neighbor, instead of starting on a jolting ride of one hundred and fifty miles over the virgin prairie of Iowa in a covered wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen.

Farewells were said and much advice given by the relatives who had gathered at the home of Albert's mother to see the young people off on their new adventure. Mother Greene placed in Lizzie's hands a huge roll of freshly baked bread, a product for which she was famous. Mother Stanfield slipped into the already crowded wagon a jar of tomato preserves which she had made the fall before and saved for this occasion.

With a half-promise that Lizzie's mother and her three boys, Lin, Lee and Davie, and Mother Greene and her two sons, Will and Levi, might follow in a few months and take home-

steads in northwest Iowa, the start was made with lighter hearts than if there had been no prospect of seeing any of the home folks soon.

Lizzie climbed nimbly over the wheel and settled herself in the seat, ready for the long trip. Albert vaulted into the wagon, cracked his whip and yoked to the two yoke of oxen, "Hi there, Dick and Diamond! Hi, Buck and Benway!" and they were off. Leaving behind them the little settlement of Friends, or Quakers, as they were often called, near Bangor and Afton in Marshall County, Iowa, they faced toward the new home they were to build in northwestern Iowa. They journeyed

into the unknown country, their "land of promise", "not knowing whither they went", but their faith was strong. Like Abraham of old, "By faith Abraham went out unto a place which he was to receive for an inheritance and he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he became a sojourner in the land of promise."

These Iowa pioneers were facing toward a land they knew not, with high courage and staunch faith.

Albert and Lizzie Greene were not starting alone on their long trek across the broad prairie to find a new home. Other eager pioneers were with them; Albert's brother, Elijah, with a loaded wagon drawn by two yoke of oxen, another man and his son with a team of horses and wagon. Another member of the party was Albert's friend, Paul Macy, with his homesteading outfit. Paul's young wife, Dugie, stayed in Marshall County and taught school while Paul went with the other pioneers to locate a homestead and build the sod house. He went back and brought her to the new home later in the summer, after her school had closed. When Paul started with this homesteading party he drove a team of horses to a loaded covered wagon. Trotting along beside was Flora, the three-weeks old colt, which was destined to play

an important part in the work of pioneering on the Greene farm, for three years later she was purchased by Albert from her first owner. During the long trip, Flora would trot along beside her mother, or sometimes she would drop back and follow behind the wagon. After a few days of travel, Flora became quite a pet in the camp. When the stop was made at night, she would lie down and rest awhile, then she would run and play around the camp fire. Day after day these plucky pioneers followed a faint trail across the prairie, their horses and plodding oxen hauling the creaking wagons loaded with necessary equipment for homesteading, including the all-important breaking plow with which to turn the tough prairie sod.

At Fort Dodge they had stopped for supplies, when a man came to the wagons for a friendly visit. "Where are you going to locate?" he asked.

"We have planned to look around in Clay County and see if we can find land that suits us," answered Paul Macy.

Albert Greene came over to meet the stranger and joined in the conversation. "A friend of ours, Oscar Hodgkin, and another man went to northwestern Iowa on a deer hunt last fall, and they say it is a fine country," he said.

"Yes, I've heard good reports of that part of the State," said the stranger, "and I hear it is filling up quite fast."

With this encouraging report they pushed on, eager to reach their destination. After traveling seventy-five miles, passing only one or two sod houses on the way, they arrived at the Sioux Rapids settlement on the Little Sioux River. Here a small saw mill had been started; on inquiry, they found that they could get boards here to use for partitions and for windows, door frames and other details for their sod houses they intended to build.

The next night they made camp under a large black walnut tree in the timber at Gilbert Grove near the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Moore and their sons, Peter and Wilson. The Moores had taken a homestead the year before and built a comfortable log house. This was near the middle of the "Horseshoe Bend" of the Little Sioux river.

The Moore family gave them a warm welcome and were delighted to have this rare opportunity of entertaining company. Since Lizzie was the only woman in the group of tra-

velers, Mr. and Mrs. Moore insisted that she and Albert sleep at their house that night.

The next morning Mr. Moore, or Uncle Billy, as he was called by all who knew him, went with the men of the party to look over the surrounding land which was available for homesteading. When they reached a place five miles west of the Moore home, they stopped to investigate. As they looked over the broad level prairie, with not a tree in sight, Albert drew a long breath of satisfaction and said, "This is the place. It is good enough for me." Immediately he took steps to file on eighty acres of land where the town of Greenville now stands. The homestead which he chose was part of a tract of land set aside by the Government for railroad land and now available for homesteading.

Paul Macy selected the eighty north and Elijah chose the eighty just east of Paul's. The eighty acres joining Albert's on the east was later homesteaded by his youngest brother, Will.

Lizzie stayed with the Moore family while Albert went with the other men of the party to the land office at Sioux City to file on their claims. Immediately after their return, Albert and Elijah built a temporary sod shanty on Albert's place and he and Lizzie soon moved into their first house on their own land. Not a single tree could be seen from their new home; in every direction there was only the billowing prairie grass. Albert used a scythe to cut some of the prairie grass, called blue stem, which stood waist-high. After it had been thoroughly cured, he stacked it for future use.

With the oxen and breaking plow he worked early and late, turning over the tough sod to have as large a field as possible ready for planting the next spring. One of the early tasks was to dig a well to supply water for household use and for the cattle.

During the hottest weather that summer, all through July, Lizzie was sick and not able to sit up. She had little desire for food, so Albert went out on the prairie and picked wild strawberries to tempt her appetite.

One day Albert came to the door and called, "O Lizzie! I see a wagon coming across the prairie from the northwest. Maybe we are going to have some new neighbors." As soon as the wagon was within hailing distance, Albert went out to extend greetings. He found the strangers to be Joseph Brownell





and his father-in-law, Nathan Chase, and two sons, John and Lindley. They had recently arrived in Clay County from Winnishiek County, Iowa, and had taken homesteads about four miles northwest of the Greene homestead.

"How did you happen to locate in Clay County?" Albert wanted to know.

"We had started out intending to file claims in Kansas; when we stopped in Fort Dodge for supplies, a man came to the wagon and asked where

we were from. We told him and then he said, 'I see you are Quakers; two weeks ago some Quakers came through here going to Clay County to locate. I hear there is very fine land in northwestern Iowa, why don't you go there?'"

"We talked it over among ourselves," Joseph continued, "and thought about it the rest of the afternoon; discussed it again around the campfire that night, and finally decided to head for Clay county. So here we are."

"We are glad to have more Friends locate around here, maybe we can organize a church sometime," Albert told them.

When the Brownells and Chases had camped near Sioux Rapids, they made the acquaintance of a man who had a log house on his homestead on the hill, at the top of Trusty Gulch, near the Little Sioux river. He was going to live in the Sioux Rapids settlement and start a blacksmith shop. With true pioneer hospitality, he told them that they might live in his log house until they had a house of their own ready to use. So the Chases and Joseph and his wife, Mary, and their three children lived in the log house while the men looked around the country, located their claims and built a sod house.

The day that Joseph and the Chases called at the Greene place, they had been breaking sod on their new claims and were on their way back to the log house near Sioux Rapids. That night Joseph told his wife about their visit with Albert, and added, "His wife is sick in bed and there is not another woman nearer than Gillett Grove, five miles away." That night, Mary could not sleep for worrying about that young woman who was sick and not another woman within five miles.

The next day being Sunday, they drove up to call on Albert and Lizzie. After that Mary did not worry so much, for as she said, "Albert Greene is as good as any woman to take care of her." Soon after this, Lizzie was feeling better, and was soon able to be up and doing her own work.

All of this time Elijah Greene and Paul Macy had both been as busy as Albert, breaking sod, making hay, and building their sod houses.

After ten weeks in Clay County they went back to Marshall County, early in August. While Albert was doing farm work in Marshall county that fall of 1869, he often looked longingly toward the northwest and thought of his new farm on the rich Iowa prairie land. The level land where he had located his homestead appealed to him, for he had spent his boyhood days in helping to prepare the land and harvest the crops on the steeply slanting fields of a hilly farm one hundred and thirty-five acres in Warren County, Ohio, owned by his parents, David and Mary Greene.

"I have had enough hill farming to last me a lifetime," he often remarked.

Albert's father had come from Virginia to Ohio with his father's family when he was a little boy. There he grew to manhood, married one of the neighbor girls, Mary Jessup, and together they established the home on a nearby farm. Their family of ten children grew up on this farm. Albert had never been to town until he was six years old. Then his father took him to Wilmington and bought him

a pair of red-top boots, which made the trip a memorable one for the small boy. A few years later, they moved to Warren County, Ohio. When old enough, Albert had learned to do all kinds of farm work, going to school only through the winter months.

One spring when the sap began to flow in the hard maple trees, he worked in a maple sugar camp. One evening during the maple sugar season, all the young people in that neighborhood were invited to the camp for a "sugaring off" and a taffy pull. This was an annual event in that neighborhood and was a gala time for all of the young people.

The spring after Albert was eighteen, with covered wagon and oxen as a means of transportation, he moved with his father and mother, sister Rebecca and the two younger brothers, Levi and Will, to a farm near Plainfield, Indiana. This was his home for three years, going to school during the winter months and working on the farm in the summer. One winter he attended a private school which was conducted by the Friends church.





# Gets Teacher's Certificate When He Said 'No' On Being Asked Out For a Drink

## Chapter II

### Boyhood Days Told Greenville's First Settler

By Mrs. Elenora Green Thulrer

Horseback riding was Albert Green's favorite recreation and many a happy jaunt did he take, often accompanied by his sister, Becky. On one such trip over the country roads, a sudden gust of wind blew Becky's long black riding skirt up over her head and her horse became frightened and started to run. But she was an expert horsewoman and after freeing her head from the bothersome skirt, she reined her horse down to a safe gait.

"Thee is too slow, why doesn't thee keep up with me," she laughingly called over her shoulder to Albert who was following her at full gallop.

On another such trip, over icy roads, Albert's horse was without shoes. Eli's horse seemed to be sure-footed, while its unshod mate slipped and slid perilously.

"Thee would be safer if thy horse was shod, like mine," he remarked. "It always pays to have a riding horse shod." The words were hardly spoken when his horse slipped, lost its footing and went down on its knees, almost tossing the rider over its head. In an instant it was up and Eli regained the saddle, to find his brother shouting with laughter.

"O, Eli!" he gasped, "After what thee had just said, I would have to laugh, even if thee had been thrown and hurt." The remainder of the trip was made safely. Albert never ceased to joke Eli about his boasting — telling him, "Pride goes before a fall".

After the three years in Indiana Albert, who was quick at his studies and by this time had acquired a fairly good education, decided to teach school. Early in the spring of 1865 he went to southern Illinois where several Indiana Quakers had settled. The post office was named South America. Soon after he arrived in southern Illinois, the world was shocked by the news of the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln on April 14, 1865. Two weeks later, Albert joined the sorrowing throng at Springfield to bid farewell to their beloved President, as the body

#### Teaches School

Returning to the Quaker settlement, Albert secured work on a farm. Later, when he went to the County seat to take the examination for a teacher's certificate, the County Superintendent of school gave him an oral examination which consisted of three questions: 1. What is your name and age? 2. Which direction is Greenland from the north pole? 3. Will you come across the street with me and have a drink? The last question Albert answered in the negative. At the conclusion of this examination the county Superintendent wrote out a first grade certificate and gave it to the prospective teacher.

Albert soon found a school and then he worked in a peach orchard until time for his school to begin. Years later, while following the plow on his Iowa farm, he thought longingly of the luscious peaches loading the trees and covering the ground in this southern Illinois orchard. After the peach season was over, he began teaching his first term of school in a log school house in the deep woods. The pupils were few and equipment meager, but at last he was taking up the work he had longed to do, teaching school. But his ambition along this line was not to be fully realized, for after teaching six weeks he was taken very seriously ill with fever. The old doctor dosed him with quinine and calomel and finally told him that if he ever expected to see his folks he had better start for home. Hardly able to travel, he took a steamer up the Ohio river to Louisville and went by train to Indianapolis and Plainfield, where he arrived at his home completely exhausted. Under his mother's expert care, he gradually regained strength, but his health was far from being up to normal. His doctor ordered him to be out in the fresh air as much as possible and recommended horseback riding. At that time he owned two horses, so he decided to go west and to make the trip on horseback.

His brother, Eli, who had graduated from Medical College, had gone west the year before and located at Bangor, Marshall County, Iowa, for the practice of his profession. With this place in mind for his destination, Albert left his home in Indiana in the spring of 1867 and took the trail

leading the other. At first he had to take it slowly, for he was not strong and was unaccustomed to riding all day. As the days passed he gained strength and was soon able to stand the long ride each day, tired at night and ready to turn in for the good sleep which he enjoyed.

When passing through Illinois, he stopped one afternoon at a small town to get a drink of water and to water his horses at the town pump. After riding on for a short distance, he heard pounding hoofs behind him. A man on horseback came up; reined down his horse and extended greetings. He rode along with Albert for a mile or two, at first remarking about the weather, then he asked,

"Are you a stranger about here?"

"Yes, my home is in Indiana," Albert answered.

"Where are you going?"

"I think I shall stop in Marshall County, Iowa."

"That is a long horseback ride."

"Yes, it is. But I wanted to go west and I have a brother there; so I will stop there first and see how I like the country. I have never been west."

"You have a fine team of horses. Where did you get them?"

Even this question did not arouse Albert's suspicion and he answered without hesitation. "This one I am riding was raised on my father's farm. Then I was lucky in finding an exact mate for it and I bought it of a farmer in the next county. I have always liked horses and I think a lot of this team."

To Albert's surprise, the stranger laughed and said, "Well, I guess you are not the man I want. You tell too straight a story." Albert asked what he meant and the stranger replied, "I am the sheriff of this county. A team of horses was stolen and I am out to get the horse thief. When I saw a stranger pass through town riding one horse and leading another, I was interested and I followed you to investigate. But your story rings true and I know you are not the fellow I want."

Albert laughed and said "Take me back to town and put me in jail if thee wants to. MY horses need rest anyway and it would be a new experience for me to spend some time in jail while thee sends . . ."





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The next day being Sunday, they drove up to call on Albert and Lizzie. After that Mary did not worry so much, for as she said, "Albert Greene is as good as any woman to take care of her." Soon after this, Lizzie was feeling better, and was soon able to be up and doing her own work.

All of this time Elijah Greene and Paul Macy had both been as busy as Albert, breaking sod, making hay, and building their sod houses.

After ten weeks in Clay County they went back to Marshall County, early in August. While Albert was doing farm work in Marshall county that fall of 1869, he often looked longingly toward the northwest and thought of his new farm on the rich Iowa prairie land. The level land where he had located his homestead appealed to him, for he had spent his boyhood days in helping to prepare the land and harvest the crops on the steeply slanting fields of a hilly farm one hundred and thirty-five acres in Warren County, Ohio, owned by his parents, David and Mary Greene.

"I have had enough hill farming to last me a lifetime," he often remarked.

Albert's father had come from Virginia to Ohio with his father's family when he was a little boy. There he grew to manhood, married one of the neighbor girls, Mary Jessup, and together they established the home on a nearby farm. Their family of ten children grew up on this farm. Albert had never been to town until he was six years old. Then his father took him to Wilmington and bought him

a pair of red-top boots, which made the trip a memorable one for the small boy. A few years later, they moved to Warren County, Ohio. When old enough, Albert had learned to do all kinds of farm work, going to school only through the winter months.

One spring when the sap began to flow in the hard maple trees, he worked in a maple sugar camp. One evening during the maple sugar season, all the young people in that neighborhood were invited to the camp for a "sugaring off" and a taffy pull. This was an annual event in that neighborhood and was a gala time for all of the young people.

The spring after Albert was eighteen, with covered wagon and oxen as a means of transportation, he moved with his father and mother, sister Rebecca and the two younger brothers, Levi and Will, to a farm near Plainfield, Indiana. This was his home for three years, going to school during the winter months and working on the farm in the summer. One winter he attended a private school which was conducted by the Friends church.





# Greenville Quakers Make Return Trip to Clay County

By Mrs. Elenora Greene Thuirer  
CHAPTER III

Both Albert and Lizzie and their ancestors for many generations back had been members of the Friends church and both had come to Iowa from Indiana.

Lizzie's first home was on a farm near Fairmont, and later at Marion, Indiana. While living

on this Indiana farm an incident occurred which Lizzie could never forget. One summer day she went with a group of children, her brothers and sister and some cousins, to pick wild strawberries. Lizzie was picking as industriously as a five-year-old could, most of the berries going into the pail and the rest into her mouth. She was near an old stump when she heard a peculiar rattle and she felt a sharp pain in her knee, "O, Lin, come quick!" she cried, "A rattler bit my knee." Sure enough there was an ugly mark on her knee. Some of the other children had heard the rattle but no one saw the snake, which had probably been in the hollow stump.

Irena, who was oldest of the group, took charge of the situation, saying, "We must get little sister home to mother just as quick as possible." It was a quarter of a mile to their home and before they reached it the knee was so painful that Lizzie was unable to walk. The children took turns carrying her the rest of the way, two crossing hands to form a saddle on which she rode. Her mother was a resourceful woman and an expert home doctor. She snatched up a bottle of turpentine, turned it up on the wound and held it there. Immediately she could see green streaks of poison going up into the bottle. The poison was drawn out and the wound healed without leaving any bad effect.

When Lizzie was seven years old, the family moved west and located in Marshall County, Iowa. They made the long trip from Indiana to Iowa with a team of horses and a covered wagon, loaded with their household goods. It was a tiresome ride for the children and they were often allowed to get out and walk behind the wagon. One day when Lin and Lizzie were getting out to walk, four-year-old Sarah begged to go

on condition that the two older children would hold her hands and help her along. This worked all right at first, little Sarah's short fat legs making a valiant effort to keep up with the longer steps of Lin and Lizzie. Then she began to puff and perspire and pushed back her little checked gingham sun-bonnet.

Fastened to the back of the wagon were two feed boxes with halters and ropes attached, for feeding the horses. Lin had a sudden inspiration and he said to Lizzie, "Let's take these halter ropes and tie around Sadie so she can keep up and we won't have to hold her hands."

"Is thee sure it will be all right?" Lizzie asked anxiously.

More Frightened Than Hurt

"Of course it will," was the decided answer. So little sister was fastened with the halters and the other end of the ropes left attached to the feed boxes. The horses had been walking but just then they started up on a trot. Sarah was thrown to the ground and dragged. The screams of the frightened children brought their father and mother to the rescue of Sarah, who was more frightened than hurt. As punishment for Lin and Lizzie, they were not allowed to walk behind the wagon any more that day.

Arriving in Iowa, the Stanfields rented a farm near Union where they lived for some time. Two years after moving to Iowa, Lizzie's father, David Stanfield, was drowned in the Iowa River near the little town of Union. He was crossing the river in a row boat with some men who were hunting; when he was getting ready to start, little Davie, youngest of the six children, begged to go with him.

"No, Davie, the boat will be full and there will not be room for thee," he said. The crossing was made in safety, the hunters unloaded and David started back, alone in the boat. In mid-stream an oar broke, he lost control of the boat and was swept over the mill dam to his death.

Dark Days Followed

Left in meager circumstances, dark days followed for the widow, Jane Stanfield and her six children. As soon as the children were old enough, they began to work out for neighbors, each earning enough to help a little in supporting the

she hired out to do housework for an elderly couple, Uncle Tommy and Aunt Mary Ann Macy. It was while she was living there that she met Albert Greene. Needless to say, he was a frequent caller at the Macy home during the year of their engagement.

When Lizzie was nineteen and Albert twenty-three, she yielded to his pleading for an early marriage. She purchased light blue wool merino and made the wedding dress herself. One day while working on the dress, she was considering how to arrange the trimming, she said to her mother, "I have a good mind to put it on this way."

"Well, then, thee had better do it that way, it would be too bad to spoil a 'good mind,'" her mother laughingly replied. To match the dress there was a tiny blue velvet bonnet with velvet ribbon strings to tie under her chin, this being the last word in style at that time.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1868, Albert and Lizzie drove to Albion and were married. Their best friends, Sam Kinzer, and Rachel Whinery, were bridesmaid and groomsmen. The bride was lovely in her light blue wedding dress, made with a close fitting waist and full skirt almost touching the floor. Her brown hair was drawn back smoothly from her face, no permanent wave, no powder or rouge or lipstick, just her own natural lovely self, cheeks flushed with the solemn importance of the occasion.

Albert's curly brown hair was worn slightly long, as was the custom of that day. Lizzie used to say, "It was a little curl that persisted in hanging down over his forehead, that I first fell in love with." Following the marriage ceremony, the bride and groom went to the photographers to have a picture taken. Lizzie removed her coat, for she wanted her pretty wedding dress to show.

Get A Good Picture

"O, no," said the photographer, "you must keep your coat on; that light blue dress will take white in the picture and it will be impossible to get a good picture unless there is something dark next to your face." So the dark, three-quarter-length coat was replaced and after several attempts, a good





back to Indiana to prove that I am telling the truth."

"No, you are too willing. You may go on to Iowa. Good bye and good luck. Glad to have met you," and the sheriff turned his horse and galloped away.

Continuing his journey, Albert crossed the Mississippi River on a ferry boat at Davenport, Iowa. Riding on through Iowa, which was to him the "far west", he arrived at Bangor in Marshall county, after having spent six weeks on the road. As near as he could guess the distance, he had traveled seven hundred and fifty-five miles. In later years, when telling his grandchildren of this trip he said, "But I had no speedometer on my horses, so I could not be sure of the exact mileage."

Soon after arriving in Marshall County, Albert secured a job at farm work and later he clerked in a store. By this time he was well acquainted and with his fun-loving disposition he became popular with the young people of the neighborhood.

Horseback riding and baseball were still his favorite sports. One Saturday afternoon the young men of the neighborhood were playing baseball in the Whinery pasture. The day was hot and Albert had removed his coat for greater freedom in swinging the bat and running bases. His white shirt, which was an old one, became torn during the excitement and exertion of winning the game. The close of the game was followed with jokes and good natured banter. Albert's best friend, Sam Kinzer, in a spirit of fun, caught the rent in the back of the white shirt and tore the back completely out. The other boys gathered around Albert and offered a helping hand to complete the job. When they had finished, all that remained of his shirt was the broad, stiffly starched bosom, the collar and strips of the sleeves attaching the cuffs to the collar. Then Sam made the suggestion, "Say, Al, better wear this shirt to Rachel's party tonight." With one accord the boys took up the challenge.

"Sure, wear it to the party."

"Wear it to-night."

"I'd give a nickle if thee'd wear it to the party."

"I dare thee to wear it." It was well known that Albert would always take a dare, so that evening he appeared at the party, which was given at Rachel Whinnery's home, and to the great amusement of the boys, he was wearing the remnants of the shirt, the missing parts being carefully concealed by his best suit. All during the

evening there seemed to be among the young men an undercurrent of merriment which the girls failed to understand, until they heard the joke later.

#### Met Elizabeth Stanfield

It was at one of Rachel's occasional parties that Albert finally met the girl of his heart, pretty little brown-eyed Elizabeth Stanfield. With both is was a case of "love at first sight." Albert had been going with first one girl and then another, laughing, joking, liking each one but loving none. But, from the first moment he met Lizzie he had eyes for no other girl.

Lizzie was "keeping company" with a young man of the neighborhood, but the next Sunday evening she went to services at the Friends meeting house with Albert. On the way home she promised to go buggy riding with him the next Sunday afternoon and to a meeting again in the evening. Her affairs were becoming complicated, it seemed that she had "too many strings to her bow", so she dropped the other "beau" in favor of Albert. After a whirlwind courtship, Albert won her heart and her promise of marriage.





# 'Tomorrow We Will be in Clay County ... On Our Own Land to Stay' - Pioneers

## Quaker Homesteaders Tell of Trek Through Mud, Mire To Their New Homes

By Mrs. Elenora Greene Thuirer  
CHAPTER IV

(Continued From Last Week)

One of the hardest days of the entire trip was the one when they headed into a cold northwest rain all day without making any stop for the noon meal. The men had to walk all day beside the oxen and exert all their ingenuity to keep the oxen from turning around. About four o'clock in the afternoon they reached a small piece of timber and a settler's cabin. The cattle were unyoked and turned into the grove, and the tired travelers went into the house to get warm. When the men went out to see about the oxen they were all gone. Without waiting for supper, Albert mounted one of Paul Macy's horses and started after the straying cattle. He rode about four miles in the direction in which the storm would take them, before he found the missing oxen. It was a hard job to get them turned around and to drive them back the four miles against the storm. It was long after dark when he got them back and tied up in the grove.

### Sight Sod Shanty

Another rainy day they had traveled several hours without seeing a house. When it was about time to make camp for the night, they sighted a sod shanty some distance ahead. This was good news which was called back from one wagon to the next. They planned to camp there if they could make it before dark. But luck was against them. In a short time the head wagon became mired to the hub in a deep mud hole. One of the horses got down, so the team had to be unhitched and helped out. Oxen got along much better than horses in a place like this. The team was replaced by Albert's two yoke of oxen and the mired wagon was hauled out on solid ground. By this time the homesteader

up the trail had seen them and he came with his oxen and wagon to give assistance. With true pioneer hospitality he urged, "The missus and the young'un must go to my house

and spend the night. My woman is just dyin' to talk to some other woman." The invitation was accepted. Lizzie and the baby Eva spent that night and the next day and night at this home.

The men slept in their wagons that night, then worked all the next day pulling the wagons out of one mud hole, only to get stalled again a little farther on. This was an experience to tell their grandchildren about, years later. "We worked hard all day and traveled one mile, sleeping that night only a mile from where we slept the night before."

Early the next morning Lizzie and baby were taken to their wagon. The sky had cleared and they were encouraged by better luck that day.

### Sell Kicking Cow

One evening they stopped at the little settlement of Newell, making camp early in order to give the horses and oxen a longer rest. A railroad was being built through and two or three men from the construction camp came over that evening for a chat with the travelers. The Irish camp boss arrived just as Albert was preparing to milk his kicking cow. This cow had been purchased the fall before at a bargain, because she was such a kicker that the owner could not milk her. She gave plenty of rich milk but it was a battle royal to get it each night and morning. Albert had to tie her to the wagon "fore and aft" to milk her and then sometimes she threw herself before the struggle was over. The Irish visitor was an interested spectator while Albert milked the cow. When the job was finished he took the pail and inspected the milk closely. Then he said, "Would ye sell this brindle cow?" The owner no doubt looked his astonishment, but managed to answer, "Well, I might, for a reasonable price." Then as an afterthought he added, "But thee can see she is a kicker."

"O, that makes no difference," answered the prospective buyer, "My wife, she can milk

any cow that ever kicked." After a little dickering the deal was made and the new owner took the cow home. By the next evening Albert had found and purchased from a homesteader, who needed the money, a new cow, which did not give as much milk as the kicker, but the milk was good in quality and the chore of milking was not one to be dreaded.

### Sight Little Sioux

While jogging along the trail or sitting around the campfire at night, there was much talk of the new homes and how long it would take to cover the intervening miles. They must be on the land by May first. Late in the afternoon of April thirtieth, Albert, whose wagon was in the lead, sighted timber which he knew must be along the Little Sioux river. Jovously he shouted the news back to the next wagon. "O, Lijah, we are almost to the river. See the timber."

And to the tired girl at his side, "Lizzie, we are almost through with this long hard trip and we won't have to make it again. Tomorrow we will be in Clay County and then soon we will be on our own land to stay."

"Thank God, we are almost home," sighed Lizzie, softly patting the baby, asleep on her lap, as she visioned the sod house and the prairie farm which was their very own and which was to be a real home to them and to their children.

### Cross River On Raft

Before dark they arrived at the Little Sioux river. A new homesteader, Mr. Galimore, who had located near the river, had sighted the slowly moving wagons at a distance and when they came to a halt he was there to extend a welcome. "Howdy, strangers. Better drive up to our shanty and make camp, then we can get acquainted." So they made camp that night at the Galimore homestead, which was between Sioux Rapids and Gillett Grove. There was no bridge across the river at this point, so a consultation was held as to the best way of getting across the river and onto their land the next day. Mr. Galimore offered the use of a raft which he had made, but it would take many trips to get the entire outfit across.





is the way the bridal couple appear in the picture which their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren have seen. When they left the photograph gallery, they went to the home of Lizzie's mother, who had married a man named Auringer, and lived on a farm near the old home.

The next day they visited Albert's mother. She had moved from Indiana to Iowa with her two sons, Will and Levi, after the death of her husband. Rebecca had married her soldier sweetheart and lived in Indiana. Albert taught school that winter following their marriage. The next spring he rented some land near Union, in Hardin County, and put in a crop of oats. It was after the crop was in that they made the trip to Clay county to file on their homestead. They returned in time to harvest the oat crop. Albert worked in neighboring farms during the fall and then taught a winter term of school.

#### New Arrival

Lizzie used her spare time that winter sewing on tiny garments. On March first the all-important event occurred. The happy young parents named their first baby girl Evalena.

That spring of 1870 was a busy one for the prospective pioneers. Preparations were made so that everything would

be ready for an early start on the return trip to the Clay County homestead. The government required that they should be on the land by May first in order to hold their homesteads, so the journey was started the middle of April.

At last every detail was completed, the covered wagon was loaded to capacity with necessities for homesteading and home making. One article in the meager household equipment which they took with them to their new home, was a Seth Thomas clock in a plain walnut case. Sixty-five years later, this clock was still in use and keeping good time. A competent clock-maker who examined it said it should complete one hundred years of service. This clock was a prized possession in the Greene family.

The last night before the return trip to Clay County was started, Albert and Lizzie spent at the home of Lizzie's mother. Early the next morning the loaded wagon with the two yoke of oxen were at the door. Albert's mother and brothers and a few of the neighbors came to see them off. The Friends minister was there and offered a prayer for God's blessing on the young people on the journey and in their new home. Then the last goodbyes were said.

#### Take Care Of Baby

Grandmother Greene kissed her young daughter-in-law and admonished her. "Do take care of the baby. If she cries with colic, make her some catnip tea from that dried catnip I gave thee." Grandma Greene had raised a family of ten children and she was competent to advise.

Last of all, Lizzie turned to her own mother and smiled bravely into the tear dimmed eyes as she gave her a reassuring hug and a farewell kiss. Then she lifted the baby from Grandma's plump feather bed, where little Eva had been sleeping soundly through all the commotion and carried her out to the waiting wagon. Albert took the precious bundle and held her awkwardly, asking, "Which end to and which side up shall I hold her?"

#### First Trip to Clay County

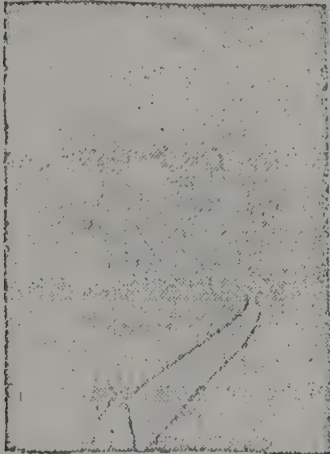
And so, amid laughter and tears and prayer the start was made. As on the first trip to Clay County the summer before, the return was made in company with several other homesteaders. One of the men in the party was Bill B. Hockett, a detective whose specialty had been capturing horse thieves. He had given up this business to go homesteading. He was the only man in the party who could throw a lasso and catch the oxen when they refused to be rounded up and yoked for the days work. In the morning after breakfast some of the men would say, "Come on Bill B., bring out the lasso." And Bill B. would swing his lasso with great gusto and with accuracy which would bring quick results.

For two weeks the travelers followed a faint trail across the prairie to the northwest, through April rains and deep mud which often sank the heavy wagons to the hub. There were few bridges, many streams to be forded; houses were few and far between.





# Albert Greene Breaks the Sod for a New Two Room House . . . Clay County Blizzards



ALBERT GREENE



LIZZIE GREENE

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By Mrs. Elnora Greene Thuirer  
CHAPTER V

(Continued From Last Week)

In the fall Albert broke sod for a new two room house. With a spade he cut the sod into blocks two feet long. These blocks were laid flat on the ground, end to end, to make the outside walls of the house. For each alternate row he broke joints, as in brick laying. He fitted in two small one-sash windows and a door frame, as he built the walls. Any space around the frames was filled in with wet soil to keep out the wind. Posts were set to hold the ridge pole in place. Then smaller poles were placed rather close together, from the side walls to the ridge pole. These were covered with brush, the poles and brush having been brought from Gillett Grove for this purpose. Then long, heavy sough grass was bound into small bundles and laid on the roof, like shingles. Sod was laid on top of this and the new roof would turn water as perfectly as a shingled roof. With boards from the little saw mill at Sioux Rapids a partition

was made, dividing the house into two rooms. A tin protector was placed around the pipe where it went through the roof. This house was built on the south-east corner of the farm. It was fairly cool in summer and warm in winter.

That fall, soon after they moved into the new house, Albert's mother and his two brothers, Will and Levi, left Marshall County and came to Clay County. Will homesteaded the eighty acres which joined Elijah's on the south and Albert's on the east.

Levi, although of legal age, was not eligible to take a homestead; when a child of five years, his head had been injured by a runaway horse. On account of this accident he was left to go through life with the mentality of a child.

Will built a sod house on his claim and he and Levi and their mother lived there, just across the trail from Albert's home. On their trip to Clay County they were accompanied by John Painter, a brother of Docia Macy. He filed on a

homestead four miles north of the Greene's. John was an amateur ventriloquist and he entertained Levi on the trip by throwing his voice. On one of the rare occasions when there was a bridge to cross, John said in a disguised voice, "I slept under the bridge last night and caught an awful cold," pretending that it was someone under the bridge talking. Levi saw through the joke, but he enjoyed it immensely and wanted it repeated.

Their first winter in Clay County was one to be remembered by the homesteaders, with frequent blizzards sweeping down from the northwest across the treeless prairie. At night the pioneers took a scoop shovel into the house so he could shovel his way out if a snow storm came on before morning. Sometimes there would be a three day blizzard when the snow was so thick you could not see three feet ahead. But the stock must have feed and water, regardless of the weather. It took plenty of shoveling to get the stable door open at chore time. When the weather finally cleared, the snow lay in white drifts to the top of the sod stable and a tunnel had to be dug through the drifts to get to the stock. Sometime after Christmas, Albert's mother was taken seriously ill. When her condition did not improve, she was taken to Albert's home where Albert and Lizzie could care for her. After many weeks of illness she died. This was the first death in the little settlement. Since there was no cemetery, she was buried on Elijah's farm. In the Spring two maple trees were planted to mark her grave. A few years later the body was removed to the Liberty cemetery which had been laid out a mile and a half south. Levi made his home with Albert and Lizzie after his mother's death.

Early in March of that year Albert's sister, Rhoda's husband, Caleb Lewis, came out from Ohio for a visit and to look over the country. He thought it would be spring in





Iowa, but the next day after his arrival, came winter's last fling, a blinding blizzard. This proved to be a three day storm. When it was over, the snow was drifted high over the sod stable and the sod house. Caleb went out to look around. When returning to the house he missed his way, all drifts looked alike to him. Then he saw what he thought was a stick of wood sticking up out of a drift, he went to it and found it to be the stove pipe, and to his amazement, discovered that he was on top of the sod house. When relating this to the family, he said, "I'm ready to go back to Ohio. No Iowa homesteading for me."

That spring Albert and his brothers and Paul Macy set out large maple groves around their homes. Back of the maples were planted willows, which made quick growth and furnished shelter while the maples were getting started. The maple groves stand today as a monument to these plucky Quaker Pioneers.

When they came to Clay County, Albert and Lizzie had brought with them a start of red rhubarb, or wine plant, so-called because it was sometimes used to make rhubarb wine. No wine was ever made on the homestead, but the rhubarb, or pieplant as it was commonly called, took the place of fruit for sauce and pie. A few years later there were two long rows of gooseberry and currant bushes and a row of pieplant across the length of the large garden. Wild plum trees were brought from Gillett Grove and set out. Later there were apple trees, a small crab and a larger late crab, a cherry tree and a minor plum tree.

#### Living Memorial

One April day Albert stuck a little cottonwood cutting in the sod at the corner of their sod house, saying to Lizzie, "Maybe someday this will grow a sprout big enough to switch a cat." Sixty years after that little twig had been planted marking the southeast corner of the Greene homestead, it was a giant cottonwood tree, twelve feet in circumference and fully one-hundred feet high, a living memorial of their pioneer days.

Early in May of 1871 Lizzie's mother, now a widow, came to Clay County with her three sons, Lin, Lee and Davie. Lin and his mother took joining homesteads a mile north of the Greene's homestead. She was an expert home doctor and was called to every pioneer home where there was sickness. Her house was the first frame house in the settlement, the lumber

being hauled from Storm Lake thirty two miles away. At this time Lee and Davie were not old enough to take homesteads, but several years later they went to Kansas and each took a homestead. Later their mother moved to Kansas and made her home with them until the time of her death. Lin had married and lived on his homestead in Clay County.

A railroad had been built through Storm Lake in the summer of 1870, and that was their nearest railroad town. The little town of Spencer,

on the Little Sioux river nine miles north of the Greene settlement was platted that summer. It consisted of a few log houses and a store operated by M. M. Peeso.

In October, 1871, a County

Fair was held at Spencer, called the Clay County Agricultural Society, forerunner of the great Clay County Fair, which sixty years later, was being held year after year at Spencer. At this early fair in '71, Lizzie's mother received a "diploma" for "the best tomato and muskmelon sauces." This certificate is now in the possession of one of her granddaughters and was exhibited at the Clay County Fair in the fall of 1934.

#### Move County Seat

In the fall of 1871, they moved the county seat from Peterson to Spencer, on account of the central location of Spencer.

One evening when Paul had gone over to borrow some nails of Albert and stopped for a neighborly visit, Albert said, "I hear that a mail route is to be started from Storm Lake to Spencer."

"It is sure going through?" Paul wanted to know.

"The last time I was in Peeso's store he said everyone was talking about it," answered Albert, "and there was something in the Storm Lake paper about it. Now is the time for us to get a post office here."

"Well," said Paul, "if we can get a post office, thee had better be postmaster and have it here in thy house."

After a petition had been sent in and a post office was assured, Paul said to Albert, "Let's name the new post office Greenburg."

"O, no! Don't call it Greene," said Albert.

"Yes, there's a whole flock of Greenes here," answered Paul.

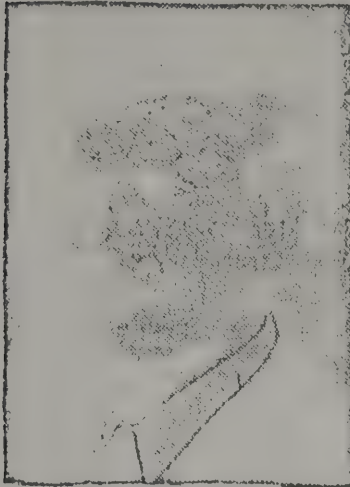
The name was sent in, but a reply came back saying that there was already a post office in Iowa by that name and another name would have to

office and settlement were named Greenville and Albert Greene was the first postmaster. The little town which many years later developed from that early Quaker settlement, is still known by that name.





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homestead four miles north of the Greene's. John was an amateur ventriloquist and he entertained Levi on the trip by throwing his voice. On one of the rare occasions when there was a bridge to cross, John said in a disguised voice, "I slept under the bridge last night and caught an awful cold," pretending that it was someone under the bridge talking. Levi saw through the joke, but he enjoyed it immensely and wanted it repeated.

Their first winter in Clay County was one to be remembered by the homesteaders, with frequent blizzards sweeping down from the northwest across the treeless prairie. At night the pioneers took a scoop shovel into the house so he could shovel his way out if a snow storm came on before morning.

Sometimes there would be a three day blizzard when the snow was so thick you could not see three feet ahead. But the stock must have feed and water, regardless of the weather. It took plenty of shoveling to get the stable door open at chore time. When the weather finally cleared, the snow lay in white drifts to the top of the sod stable and a tunnel had to be dug through the drifts to get to the stock. Sometime after Christmas, Albert's mother was taken seriously ill. When her condition did not improve, she was taken to Albert's home where Albert and Lizzie could care for her. After many weeks of illness she died. This was the first death in the little settlement. Since there was no cemetery, she was buried on Elijah's farm. In the Spring two maple trees were planted to mark her grave. A few years later the body was removed to the Liberty cemetery which had been laid out a mile and a half south. Levi made his home with Albert and Lizzie after his mother's death.

Early in March of that year Albert's sister, Rhoda's husband, Caleb Lewis, came out from Ohio for a visit and to look over the country. He thought it would be spring in





Iowa, but the next day after his arrival, came winter's last fling, a blinding blizzard. This proved to be a three day storm. When it was over, the snow was drifted high over the sod stable and the sod house. Caleb went out to look around. When returning to the house he missed his way, all drifts looked alike to him. Then he saw what he thought was a stick of wood sticking up out of a drift, he went to it and found it to be the stove pipe, and to his amazement, discovered that he was on top of the sod house. When relating this to the family, he said, "I'm ready to go back to Ohio. No Iowa homesteading for me."

That spring Albert and his brothers and Paul Macy set out large maple groves around their homes. Back of the maples were planted willows, which made quick growth and furnished shelter while the maples were getting started. The maple groves stand today as a monument to these plucky Quaker Pioneers.

When they came to Clay County, Albert and Lizzie had brought with them a start of red rhubarb, or wine plant, so-called because it was sometimes used to make rhubarb wine. No wine was ever made on the homestead, but the rhubarb, or pieplant as it was commonly called, took the place of fruit for sauce and pie. A few years later there were two long rows of gooseberry and currant bushes and a row of pieplant across the length of the large garden. Wild plum trees were brought from Gillett Grove and set out. Later there were apple trees, a small crab and a larger late crab, a cherry tree and a minor plum tree.

#### Living Memorial

One April day Albert stuck a little cottonwood cutting in the sod at the corner of their sod house, saying to Lizzie, "Maybe someday this will grow a sprout big enough to switch a cat." Sixty years after that little twig had been planted marking the southeast corner of the Greene homestead, it was a giant cottonwood tree, twelve feet in circumference and fully one-hundred feet high, a living memorial of their pioneer days.

Early in May of 1871 Lizzie's mother, now a widow, came to Clay County with her three sons, Lin, Lee and Davie. Lin and his mother took joining homesteads a mile north of the Greene's homestead. She was an expert home doctor and was called to every pioneer home where there was sickness. Her house was the first frame house

being hauled from Storm Lake thirty two miles away. At this time Lee and Davie were not old enough to take homesteads, but several years later they went to Kansas and each took a homestead. Later their mother moved to Kansas and made her home with them until the time of her death. Lin had married and lived on his homestead in Clay County.

A railroad had been built through Storm Lake in the summer of 1870, and that was their nearest railroad town. The little town of Spencer,

on the Little Sioux river nine miles north of the Greene settlement was platted that summer. It consisted of a few log houses and a store operated by M. M. Peeso. In October, 1871, a County

Fair was held at Spencer, called the Clay County Agricultural Society, forerunner of the great Clay County Fair, which sixty years later, was being held year after year at Spencer. At this early fair in '71, Lizzie's mother received a "diploma" for "the best tomato and muskmelon sauces." This certificate is now in the possession of one of her granddaughters and was exhibited at the Clay County Fair in the fall of 1934.

#### Move County Seat

In the fall of 1871, they moved the county seat from Peterson to Spencer, on account of the central location of Spencer.

One evening when Paul had gone over to borrow some nails of Albert and stopped for a neighborly visit, Albert said, "I hear that a mail route is to be started from Storm Lake to Spencer."

"It is sure going through?" Paul wanted to know.

"The last time I was in Peeso's store he said everyone was talking about it," answered Albert, "and there was something in the Storm Lake paper about it. Now is the time for us to get a post office here."

"Well," said Paul, "if we can get a post office, thee had better be postmaster and have it here in thy house."

After a petition had been sent in and a post office was assured, Paul said to Albert, "Let's name the new post office Greenburg."

"O, no! Don't call it Greene," said Albert.

"Yes, there's a whole flock of Greenes here," answered Paul.

The name was sent in, but a reply came back saying that there was already a post office in Iowa by that name and

office and settlement were named Greenville and Albert Greene was the first postmaster. The little town which many years later developed from that early Quaker settlement, is still known by that name.





## The Summer of 1875 Albert and Lizzie Built and Moved Into Their First Frame House

By the second year Albert had quite an amount of breaking done and the new land yielded abundantly.

In September Albert and Lizzie were gladdened by the arrival of their first son, whom they named Orvan Eli.

Albert felt that he must be earning more money than the new farm could bring in, so that winter of 1871 and '72, he did teaming for the stores at Spencer, owned by M. M. Peeso and Jacob Merritt, hauling supplies from Storm Lake. It took four days for the round trip; he drove to Spencer the first day, got a load of produce and returned home to spend the night. The next day he drove to Storm Lake, unloaded the wagon with supplies for the Spencer stores and drove back to "Pappy Smith's One Mile House" where he spent the night. By making an early start the next morning he could get home with his heavy load by night. The next day he delivered his load to the stores at Spencer and returned home. This way he could make the four days trip and spend only one night away from home. The road was marked with brush or a piece of sod on a stake, but even then it was hard to keep the road in bad weather. When doing teaming, sometimes a neighbor went with him to Storm Lake and they would bring back two loads of goods. On one such occasion they were caught in a big blizzard and had to stay all night with a homesteader just out of Sioux Rapids. The mother of this pioneer had come from the east to visit her son and his family. The man who was with Albert had been out to look after his oxen and came in when the storm was at its worst, letting a gust of wind and snow in as he opened the door. The mother of their host said to him, "How is the storm now?"

The man answered solemnly, "It is so bad now that it would take ten men to hold a sheepskin over a gimlet hole."

"Thomas, I want to go home," she said, turning to her son. The weather having cleared, the men reached home the next day with much difficulty.

In the early spring, while Albert was away on a trip to Storm Lake, the north wall of their sod house cracked

to lean out. Lizzie and Levi got poles and propped the wall and stuffed the crack with straw. It remained this way until Albert got time to build a new sod house.

The summer fuel of that time was twisted hay. This was the method of preparation: take a big handful of long, tough slough grass, twist it very hard, double back in the middle and twist the two parts together as tightly as possible, wrap the ends around and tuck in to hold it solid. The result is a piece of fuel about the size of a stick of stove wood, which holds the heat for some time. To supplement this fuel in the winter Albert hauled wood from Gillett Grove. On one trip to Gillett Grove for wood, Albert was driving a new horse which proved to be balky. When he had the load on and was half way up the hill, the balky horse stopped and threw his head up over the other horse, signifying that he was through and would pull no more. Albert blocked the wagon, tied up the lines and unhooked the two outside tugs. Then he went a little way up the hillside, sat down and leisurely ate his lunch. When the lunch was finished he took out his jack-knife and began to whittle. Soon the balky horse looked over in Albert's direction, grew uneasy and began to whinney. Albert decided it was time to go, so he went down to the team, adjusted their collars, hitched up the tugs, removed the blocks, took down the lines and spoke to the horses. They started at once and that horse never balked again as long as Albert had him. He had been beaten at his own game.

Albert still used oxen for the heavy work on the farm, but had one team of horses.

One morning Lizzie was getting breakfast and had a hot fire in the stove. Just as Albert came in with a pail of milk, they discovered that the grass in the roof had caught fire around the stove pipe. Albert threw milk on it to put it out, and some of the milk came back on the hot stove and made a great smudge. In the excitement Eva screamed with fright, so her mother caught up a shawl to wrap around her and sent Levi to take her to Elijah's

north, to stay until the smoke cleared away.

### Surveyors

That summer surveyors were sent into the newly settled country to establish lines and roads. One night when Albert was on a trip and Levi was at Will's home, Lizzie and the two children stayed all night alone. About midnight a wagon came along the road with men in it who were shouting and singing. They did not stop at the house, but in the bright moonlight Lizzie could see them get out of the wagon and run foot races up and down the road. Then they got in the wagon and went on their carousing way. Afterwards it was learned that they were surveyors who were on a drunken spree.

In the fall Albert built another sod house and they moved out of the one with the cracked wall. This new one was their last sod house.

That winter Albert again did teaming from Storm Lake to Spencer, which brought in some needed money.

### "It's A Boy."

The next spring their third child was born. Albert sent to his sister Rhoda Lewis, who lived in Ohio, this brief announcement; "It's a boy."

Her reply was equally terse, "All right. Name him Lewis." The new baby was named Edgar Lewis. When seven months old, Edgar was taken seriously ill and lived only a short time. He was buried in the new Liberty Cemetery, south of Greenville.

With aching hearts the young parents again took up their daily work. This was the first great sorrow which had touched their little family. But their faith in God was strong and it stood the test of sorrow as it had stood the test of hardship and privation. Together they faced with courage the task of making their homestead into a real home for their family.

Land was being homesteaded on every side and there was a need for schools. Several sod school houses were built in the county and one or two frame buildings. When schools were started, Albert and Elijah both taught during the winters.

In January 1874 came one of the most severe blizzards in the memory of early settlers





The forenoon had been beautifully clear and sunny. By noon the sky was overcast, snow began to fall and soon a terrific blizzard was raging. In some places the teacher dismissed school at noon and sent the children home. Some other teachers who did not take this precaution had to stay with their pupils in the school house all night.

#### Frame House

The summer of 1875 Albert and Lizzie built and moved into their first frame house. It was a two room house, sixteen by twenty-four feet. To them it seemed like a mansion. In later years, as the family increased, this house was gradually enlarged. A kitchen, a parlor, upstairs bedrooms were built on, but never did a house seem quite so grand as those two rooms they moved into after living for five years in sod houses. Albert hauled the lumber for this house from Storm Lake, a distance of thirty-two miles. In November, after moving into the new house, the size of the family

was increased by the arrival of another baby daughter who was given the name of Elnora.

That winter five-year-old Eva had serious ear trouble and for several weeks she was entirely deaf. It was thought that she might never regain her hearing. One day Lizzie's mother came to spend the day and to help with some quilting. Lizzie said to her mother, "Eva can get the baby to sleep while we work at the quilt."

To their surprise Eva said, "No, I don't want to rock the cradle." That was the first she had been able to hear for many weeks.

This same winter misfortune came to the family when Orvan was taken suddenly very ill. Dr. Pond was brought from Sioux Rapids. After several trips to see the little patient, he pronounced it "spotted fever". This was said to be usually fatal, so the parents were deeply concerned. Lizzie's mother came and stayed night and day to help with the nursing. She stayed until the crisis was passed and Orvan was on the road to recovery. It was several weeks before he was able to sit up and still longer before he could walk. When he talked it was with slow, drawing words. One day he was sitting on his father's lap, when he said, "I b-e-l-i-e-v-e I'll t-r-y t-o w-a-l-k." Albert stood him on the floor and let him try; after one step he fell. When

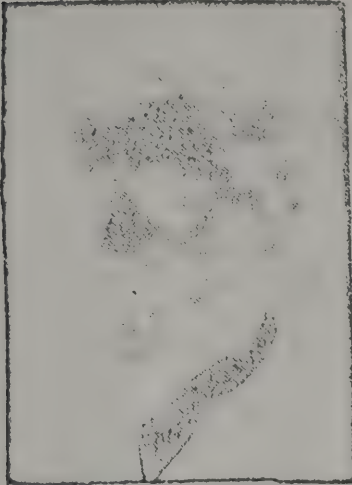
back in the safety of his father's arms he said, "I g-u-e-s-s I c-a-n't w-a-l-k." By mid-winter he had regained his strength and could walk and talk as well as before he was sick.





# Grasshopper Plague Hits Homesteaders In 1873; Their Entire Crop is Destroyed

**ED NOTE:** We take pleasure in reprinting excerpts from the story written by Mrs. Elnora Greene Thuirer of her parents, Lizzie and Albert Greene, first settlers of Greenville. Entitled "Quaker Pioneers", the story is truly warm, rich and inspiring and should offer young and old here the greater appreciation of their land and heritage.—The story will continue in several installments.



ALBERT GREENE

## CHAPTER VII

By Elnora Greene Thuirer

In June 1873 there had been a scourge of grasshoppers, but since that time the crops had been good and had not been molested. Homesteaders were encouraged, believing they would never again be bothered with them; but the worst was yet to come.

One hot day late in July 1876, when crops were most promising Albert came to the house and called to Lizzie, "Come out and see what a queer cloud there is over the sun."

### Not Rain Clouds

Lizzie went out into the yard and looked up at the gray, moving mass. "It doesn't look like rain clouds," she said. Together they watched in silence, fear clutching at their hearts, for they knew instinctively what it meant. They heard a whirring sound as of a million pair of wings. Soon the air was filled with grasshoppers, lighting on them, around them, on the heavy headed grain in a field nearby, on the tall, tasseling corn, over the fields such a hoard of grasshoppers like giant swarms of bees. Before they left, the entire crop and the garden were completely destroyed. These were dark days for



LIZZIE GREENE

the pioneers. Many abandoned their homesteads or traded them for teams and wagons, anything with which to get out of the country.

The three Greene families and the Macy's were determined to stick to their new farms.

"We know the land is good

and will produce crops," said Elijah.

### Hoppers Will Leave

"And the 'hoppers will leave for good sometime," added Paul.

"If we can only stick it out until they do leave and we get a crop," Albert remarked.

Finally the time came when Lizzie emptied the last flour out of the sack and made it into a baking of bread. There was no money to buy more. Corn bread and cornmeal mush lengthened the supply, but what would they do when that was gone?

"We will not starve," Lizzie said, "the Lord will provide."

One day when the stage arrived with the mail, there was a letter containing some money from a man in Marshall County who owed Albert for work done so long ago that they had thought they would never get it.

The Greene's did not give up their homestead and they did not starve.

Before the grasshoppers left, the fields were filled with their eggs. The next spring, young grasshoppers hatched out in countless numbers. They were everywhere. Again, as the year before, they began to devour the growing crops.

### Outside Help

Outside help, food and clothing, was sent into the County for the destitute farmers. Those in need were given checks which entitled them to draw a stated amount of food or clothing.

One bachelor farmer whose stock and crops were mortgaged, went to Spencer and drew a sack of cornmeal and sold

it to another homesteader for a dollar. He used the money to buy a marriage license, married his cousin and together they left the country. But this case of dishonesty was unusual. Most of the homesteaders were square in their dealings and would not draw supplies unless they had reached the last extreme of need for food and clothing.

Albert and Lizzie would not be dependent on charity, so they never drew any supplies. The only help they accepted was clothing which was sent by some of their relatives in the east.

The following incident is typical of the way they met hardships in those dark days; one day when grasshoppers were thickest and clouds of despair the darkest, Albert, in a gloomy mood, said to Lizzie, "I should never have brought thee to such a county as this. It looks like we would never get another crop."

"O, Albert! Don't say that," she answered. Then without another word, she went into the tiny bedroom. In a few minutes she returned and laying her hand on his shoulder, she said, "We can pull through some way. The 'hoppers will not stay always and I am sure we will have some harvest. There is a promise in the Bible, in Genesis, that there will always be 'seedtime and harvest'."

"Well, maybe thee is right," answered Albert, "thee usually is." And then a smile breaking through the gloom, as his usual good nature returned, "But how did thee know that was in Genesis? Maybe it is in Deuteronomy or Isaiah."





"I know it is in Genesis, because I just now looked it up. Here it is, Genesis, 8:22, Lizzie answered with a smile, as she produced the Bible, which she had been hiding under her apron, and read, "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest shall not cease."

#### Cautious Woman

"Well, well! isn't thee a cautious woman, not to give a quotation until thee is sure where it is found," laughed Albert. And so, at least temporarily, the clouds of discouragement were cleared away by the wisdom and tact of this plucky little pioneer woman.

The grasshoppers left suddenly about the first of July and not all of the crop was destroyed. This was the last grasshopper invasion of any great importance. Following this discouraging summer came trouble of another kind to the Greene family. Eva was taken very sick, running an alarmingly high fever and then she became delirious. Again Lizzie's mother was installed as nurse. The doctor made several trips. He diagnosed the case as brain fever. On the last visit he said, "The child cannot live. I have done all that can be done to save her and it would be useless for me to make another trip."

Before the doctor was out of sight, grandmother rolled up her sleeves and went to work. She sliced and pounded onions, mixed them with pulverized charcoal, made a poultice which she placed under the back of Eva's neck. In a few minutes it was hot and she changed it for a fresh, cool poultice. This was kept up all night, changing the poultice for a fresh one as soon as it became heated

through. By morning the fever had gone down and Eva was sleeping. After several hours of sleep, she awoke, very weak, but the fever and delirium were gone. Grandmother's wisdom and skill as a nurse had saved her life. When Eva's recovery was fully assured, Lizzie said to Albert, "Even if the grasshoppers should come again we shouldn't complain, as long as we have each other and the children." But they had seen the last of the grasshoppers and this was the turning point in their family experience.

More ground was broken up each year and put into crop. The new land produced abundantly. Wheat and oats, corn and flax were the staple crops. Flax was hard on the land, taking out too much fertility, but it sold for a good price and brought in much needed money, so a large acreage was always

raised. This plan was not discontinued until several years later, when it was discovered that the original richness of the soil was being drained out too rapidly.

The pioneers were now able to purchase the necessities and occasionally an added luxury. One winter Elijah saved enough from his salary as a school teacher to buy an organ for Callie. This was the first organ in that part of the county. On Sunday afternoons this organ drew the young people from the farms for miles around. With Callie at the organ, they gathered around and satisfied their hunger for music by singing the old familiar hymns and learning many new ones. They also learned some of the popular songs of the day, the favorite being:

#### "The Little Sod Shanty on the Claim"

Words by—J. N. Templeton

"I am looking rather seedy now  
while holding down my claim,  
And my victuals are not always served the best,  
And the mice play slyly round  
me as I nestle down to rest  
In my little old sod shanty on  
the claim.

"When I left my eastern home,  
a bachelor so gay,  
To try to win my way to wealth  
and fame,  
I little thought that I'd come  
down to burning twisted hay,  
In a little old sod shanty on the  
claim.

"Yet I rather like the novelty  
of living in this way,  
Though my bill of fare is always rather tame,  
But I'm happy as a clam on  
this land of Uncle Sam's,  
In my little old sod shanty on  
the claim.

#### Chorus—

"Oh, the hinges are of leather  
and the windows have no  
glass,  
And the roof it lets the howling  
blizzard in  
And I hear the hungry coyote  
as he sneaks up through the  
grass

'Round my little old sod shanty  
on the claim."

After the group singing, Callie would play and sing, "Rock me to Sleep, Mother", another popular song at that time. Then in a lighter strain, marches and waltzes.





# Farming Methods In Pioneer Country

## Change From Plodding Oxen to Horses

### CHAPTER VIII

By Elnora Greene Thuirer

One Sunday there was a guest in their home, a very strict, old-fashioned Quaker, whom everyone called Aunt Sally. She always wore the plain Quaker garb and disapproved of anything frivolous. After Callie had played several hymns, Aunt Sally said, "Why don't thee play something faster?" Callie was surprised but she turned to the organ and struck up a lively waltz. Aunt Sally walked over to the organ and watched the flying fingers. At the end she said, "Well, Callie, tha's the purtiest thing thee's played yet." The young people who knew Aunt Sally so well, were greatly amused.

This afternoon of rest and recreation meant much to these young people, who had worked hard on the farm and in the farm house during the week. For everyone worked, even the children. The next spring after Orvan was seven, he did his first job of work for which he received wages. A neighbor who had no boys engaged Orvan to help him in corn planting. Orvan's job was to ride on the little round seat on the front of a two-horse corn planter and every time the bay horse stepped with a hind foot, Orvan was to jerk the dropper handle; and there he sat, jerking the dropper handle back and forth all day long. He worked at his job for a day and a half, until the corn was planted, and he received as wages the sum of ten cents. In after years Orvan said, "Never did I earn any money of which I was so proud as this first ten cents."

Farming methods in this pioneer country were changing rapidly. Horses were taking the place of the slow plodding oxen for farm work. New farm machinery was replacing the more primitive kind used at first.

It was a glad day when Albert was able to purchase a new self-rake reaper to use in harvesting the grain. At that time it was thought necessary to have a boy or girl ride the lead team on the reaper, so

when Orvan was seven, he was given that job during harvest.

A four horse team was used on the new reaper. Queen and Flora were hitched on the tongue of the machine and Will's team, Fanny and Lucy, were in the lead. The lead team was hitched to the reaper by a rope and Orvan was put on the near horse, Lucy, to drive them. This team had a reputation for being easily scared, and on this occasion they lived up to this reputation. When the reaper started, the noise of the machine and the rakes revolving in the air behind them made them jump, and the rope by which they were hitched was broken, and away they went across the field, the whippletrees banging their heels at every jump and the long rope cracking behind them. Orvan was hanging on to the reins as best he could but he was thrown over between the two horses, his legs just long enough to reach the hame tug, where he clung for dear life. He looked down between the running horses and could see the stubble field slipping swiftly by, like the water he

had seen running under the bridge when he went to Sioux Rapids to mill with his father. He thought he had better let go and drop down between the horses, but just then he heard his father's voice calling, "Hang on, Orvie". He took a new grip on the reins and called back, "I'm a hangin'!" The black mare, Lucy, had a tender mouth and when Orvan made the extra jerk on the reins she slowed down enough so that the team began to circle. On the second circle around they were caught by Albert and Will.

The team was hitched in place again, this time with a chain. Albert ran the lines back to his seat on the reaper, so he could take a hand if they should try to run again. Orvan would not give up his job, so he rode the lead team through that entire harvest and through several other harvests.

That same summer Orvan took another fast ride. One day Albert took a plow over to Elijah's and Eva and Orvan went along for the fun of riding the horses home. When they started home Eva was put on Queen and Orvan on Flora, while their father walked beside Queen. This gait was not quite fast enough to suit Orvan, so he kicked the horse in the ribs with his bare feet and she started to trot. That was fine, so he kicked harder and away she went on a run. Eva tried to do the same with her horse and felt that she was cheated because her father was near enough to interfere with her plans. The two rings on the backpad of the harness just about fitted Orvan's hands and he clung to them. As the horse ran, he jiggled over to one side and almost slid off, but he hauled himself back in place, straightened up, hit the horse a lick with a loose line and went joyfully on at top speed. Fortunately the stable door was closed when they reached home, or he might have been brushed off at the finish.

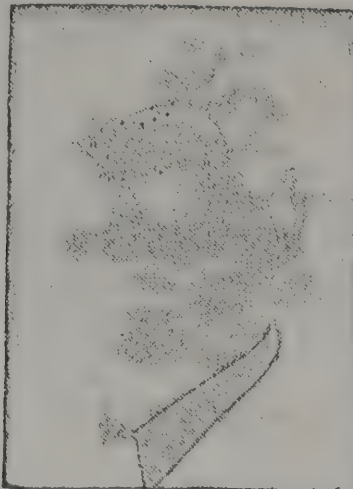
Early the next spring Albert purchased a pony which he named Clipper. This pony was the family pet and was always gentle when Orvan and Eva rode him, but let a man mount him and he was as high spirited as any horse. After owning him a year, Albert sold Clipper for a good price to Frank Wells Calkins. Frank was a Clay county boy who, when a young man, became famous as a writer of western stories, dealing with cowboys and Indians. For many years his stories were published in the "Youth's Companion" and were eagerly read by the youth of the land.





# GREENVILLE STORY

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ALBERT GREENE



LIZZIE GREENE

## Chapter IX.

The spring that Albert sold Clipper, there had been heavy rains and the rivers and creeks were out of their banks. Frank Calkins started to Spencer riding Clipper and leading another horse; when he arrived at the Prairie Creek bridge, he found that the creek was a ragging torrent, with the high bridge completely covered. Determined to reach the other side, he started to cross. There was no railing on the bridge to indicate the width. Half way across, clipper got too near the edge and stepped off; the other horse, frightened, jumped back and jerked Frank out of the saddle. Clipper had disappeared from sight. Frank walked and led the other horse and succeeded in reaching the other side in safety. He watched for a while, but there was no sign of the lost pony, so Frank went on to Spencer. Two weeks later, when the water had gone down to normal level, Clipper was found under the bridge where the saddle horn had caught and held him under the rushing water until he was drown.

### Railroad Through Spencer

The summer of 1878 the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad was built through Spencer, providing a convenient market only nine miles from Greenville. This put an end to the long trips to Storm Lake.

Albert had purchased a new mowing machine and hay rake which he used to make hay from the long prairie grass which still grew in abundance. This hay was stacked in the field and usually one or two stacks were made near the barn. The old sod stable had been discarded and in its place was a small barn built of lumber, with a lean-to shed for the cattle.

About this time sheep raising became quite an industry. A large number were brought into Clay County from Wisconsin by a man named Bill Cheesman. They were purchased by Paul Macy, the three Greene brothers, another brother, Jonathan Greene who had moved to Clay County and lived on Willow Creek, south of Greenville, and later four miles northwest of Greenville, near the Brownells, Chases and Arms. Other farmers took up sheep raising until sheep could be found on almost every farm.

There were no fenced pastures, so during the summer the boys and girls of the neighborhood were given the task of herding sheep and cattle on the prairie. Occasionally a horse could be spared to use for herding cattle, but usually it was done on foot with a faithful dog for first assistant. The sheep would be taken out in the early morning and brought in about four in the afternoon, the youthful herder taking his

lunch along for the noon meal. These were long tiresome vigils for the boys and girls, but in this pioneering business even the children learned to pluckily do their part. Eva and Orvan usually herded together, taking along something to read in the intervals when they were not rounding up stray sheep that had grazed too far from the main flock. Once they varied the daily monotony by building a miniature sod house.

The old famlier call used for sheep was, "Da-dake! Ka-dake!" This is the way Orvan and Eva called their sheep together when rounding them up to take them home in the evening. Then they learned a new call for the song obtu a little Swiss Shepherdess who herded sheep near her home in the Alps mountains. This was a part of the song:

"Hear the highland lassie calling, calling sheep,

"lay O'lay, I'lay O'lay, I'lay O'."

So these Hawkeye sheep herders taught their flock of sheep to come at the new call. When it came time to round up the flock and go home, they would give the new call, "I'lay Q'lay, I'lay O'lay, I'lay O'." If some of the sheep failed to respond, they tried the more familiar call, "Ka-dake, Ka-dake", which usually brought results.



Now there was a new baby in the family, named Clinton David. The middle name was for Grandfather David Greene, and Grandfather David Stanfield. When Clintie was a year old he was playing one day on the floor in the living room while his mother worked in the kitchen, it was about time for Eva and Orvan to bring the sheep home. Lizzie always went out and helped them get the sheep turned into the yard. She thought she heard the little lambs bleating, so she went out to help, but there were no sheep in sight. When she returned to the house she found that the sound she had heard was little Clintie making a bleating sound, imitating the little lambs.





# Albert Pulls JOKE ON Stage Driver, Knewed From Beneath His Head While Rolling Along

## CHAPTER X Driver Was Asleep On Job, Never Again

As long as there were wide stretches of unbroken prairie land, the prairie fires of spring and fall were a common sight. Usually these fires were closely watched and no harm resulted. If a fire did get beyond control, the whole neighborhood turned out to fight it. On one such occasion, a prairie fire had run wild and was threatening the home of the Barglof family, south of Greenville; everyone went with pails and sacks to assist in the battle. Some were stationed at the pump to fill the pails, others carried the water, while the men who were on the front lines fought the fire with wet sacks. The Barglofs were all working at the fire and baby Emil was left in the house alone. When Selma went to the pump for water, she heard the baby crying, so she carried the two pails of water out to the fire, set them down and ran back to the house to take care of the baby. The fire fighters found the two pails of water, but the girl was missing; no one had seen her since she left the pump with the water. "She has been caught in the fire and burned to death," someone said. This news was passed from one to another along the fighting line. Some never knew until the next day that the little girl was safe, at the house taking care of the baby brother.

It was a common practice to burn off the dry grass where it was not wanted, but this must be done on an evening when there was no wind. Albert sometimes let Eva and Orvan go with him to burn grass and they were supplied with wet sacks to help keep the fire under control.

Ever since the mail route had been established, Albert had been postmaster at Greenville. At first in the sod house, a set of fifteen pigeon-holes were used to hold the mail and there was room to spare. After moving into the new frame house there was a more pretentious set, of well finished black walnut with pigeon-holes for the mail and drawers for the stamps, coins, and papers. This was on a table in the corner of the living room. One of the

ED NOTE: We take pleasure in reprinting excerpts from the story written by Mrs. Elnora Greene Thuier of her parents, Lizzie and Albert Greene, first settlers of Greenville. Entitled "Quaker Pioneers", the story is truly warm, rich and inspiring and should offer young and old here the greater appreciation of their land and heritage.—The story will continue in several installments.

first lessons the Greene children were taught was not to touch anything about the post office. This rule was rigidly enforced through all the years that the postoffice was a part of their home. At first the mail was delivered only once a day, but later it was taken by stage from Sioux Rapids to Spencer in the forenoon and back to Sioux Rapids in the afternoon, making two deliveries a day for Greenville. During the winter, or when the roads were bad in the spring, an extra team was kept in the Greene barn and the driver changed horses there.

### Driver Asleep

One summer day Albert saw the stage coming and he noticed

that the driver was lying down in the seat asleep, with his head on the mail sack. Albert loved a joke, so he went out and met the slowly moving stage. Very carefully he removed the leather mail sack from under the driver's head without awakening him. Albert ran to the house, threw the sack under the postoffice table and came out on the porch just as the horses stopped at their usual place in front of the door. The driver awoke when the horses stopped, sat up and rubbed his eyes, reached for the mail sack. Then in shocked surprise he exclaimed, "Well, my stars and garters! Where's that mail sack?"

"What's the matter?" asked Albert innocently, coming out to the stage. Together they hunted through the hack, or spring wagon, which was used as a stage. They looked on the ground. Albert remarking as they hunted, "This will be a pretty serious matter if thee doesn't find it. Thee is responsible to the government for the mail."

"Well, I'll just have to drive back along the road and hunt until I find it." As he was turning the team around, Albert said, "Wait a minute." He dashed into the house and came out with the missing sack.

"Well, I swan!" exclaimed the agitated mail carrier, "where did you get that?"

"I slipped it out from under thy head when thee was asleep," answered Albert with a broad grin.

"Well, my land! I didn't suppose that anybody on earth could get that durned sack out of the stage without waking me," said the chagrined custodian of Uncle Sam's mail. Never again did that driver sleep while on duty.

Farmers came from miles around to get their mail at the Greenville post office. When Albert was busy in the field, Lizzie took care of the mail. She used to say that she never started to mix a batch of bread but what someone came for their mail.

### Pony Express

A post office had been established in the Moore home at Gillett Grove, with Uncle Billie serving as post master. The mail for Gillett Grove was left at Greenville and Albert had the contract for delivering it to the Gillett Grove post office twice a week. During the summers Orvan was given the job of riding the "pony express," carrying the United States mail on a regular run. He rode a gray pony, the leather mail pouch being fastened to the back of the saddle. He would drop on the pony and away they went, making short work of the five mile trip to Gillett Grove. When he arrived, the post master would unlock the mail pouch, take out the mail,

answer any letters that required attention before the next mail, put the outgoing mail into the pouch and lock it. Then the young mail carrier would hit the trail back to Greenville. Our present postal officials might say that the lad was a little under age for a postman. But at that time, as long as the mail always went through on time no objection was made. For four summers Orvan made these trips regularly, twice a week, five miles and return, a faithful young servant of Uncle Sam.

In December 1880, the Greene family welcomed another baby girl; she was given





the double name of Clara Belle. The older children were going to school and helping with the work at home.

The summer of 1881 was a memorable one for five-year-old Nora, when she had her first trip away from home and her first train ride. Albert and Lizzie, with the three younger children, Nora, Clinton and Clara, went by train from Spencer to Clear Lake, a distance of one hundred miles, and spent a week visiting Lizzie's Aunt Sarah and Uncle Sam Stanfield. Three never-to-be-forgotten events occurred to Nora during this visit. The first was drinking out of a gourd dipper. The second, which to her was a near tragedy, was when they attended a camp meeting and she lost her most precious possession, a little brown parasol. She was as nearly in the depths of despondency as a five-year-old could be, until the parasol was

found and returned to her, then all was right with the world. The third event, which was indelibly stamped on her memory, was a visit to a place where tame rabbits, guineas, guinea pigs, and peafowls were raised. When the visit was over and they left, Uncle Sam and Aunt Sarah to go home, Nora thought they had been away so long, she wondered if things would look the same at home as they did when they left for the long trip, which illustrates the compass of a little child's world.



# PIONEER DAYS

## CHAPTER X

By Elnora Greene Thuirer

When autumn came, the falling leaves from the maple groves covered the ground with a thick brown carpet. This gave the little folks added pleasure in new games to play. One favorite game was to make hay. The leaves were raked up into big stacks to represent the hay stacks which the men had made in the field. When they had tired of hay making, a new project was suggested. It was to make a leaf house, as their parents had in an early day made sod houses on this same land. It was made on their big playground, under the maple trees. They drove stakes into the ground and sticks were nailed to them for the walls. An outer wall was made and the space between was packed with leaves. Then followed longer stakes, a ridge pole, more sticks from walls to ridgepole, fine brush on these sticks, for the roof, a

heavy layer of leaves, more brush to keep the leaves from blowing off and there was the leaf house. A low doorway had been left. The house had to be entered on hands, and knees and you could not stand up in it.

"Let's call it 'Mammoth Cave,'" said Nora, who had heard Eva tell of the cave by that name in Kentucky, about which she had read. But their cave was not very substantial, soon the roof was blown off by a high wind. By this time the novelty of the leaf house had worn off and they turned their attention to other games.

During the building of the leaf house, Lillian Greist had lost her gold ring which an uncle in Indiana had given her. Many hours were spent in search for the lost treasure, but it was never found. This loss was considered a great tragedy for not a child in the neighborhood owned a gold ring. But a very child for miles around had one or two copper rings made by Uncle Tommy Macy who was a cripple and walked with two canes. He cut and hammered the rings out of copper rivets and then polished them to shining brightness. H.

ious sizes. Whenever he met a little girl without a ring, he immediately fitted her from the supply in his box and she went away with a shining ring on her finger and joy in her heart. Lillian's gold ring was replaced by one of Uncle Tommy's copper rings, which partly compensated for her loss.

### Storm

One game which the children liked to play was running up and down hill over an outdoor cave which was built near the grove. This was a combination storm and vegetable cave. The rounded top was covered with sod and grass and it made a good substitute for a hill. Only once did the family go to the cave on account of storm. One summer evening, a near-cyclone roared over the country, lightning flashed across the darkened sky, the tree tops were bent almost to breaking. The house shook and seemed in danger of going. Albert and Lizzie decided to take the children to a safer place, so the sleepy youngsters were hustled out to the storm cave. When the storm had roared itself away, they returned to the house, which was still on its foundation and remained intact.

Before winter came, the Greist children and their mother returned to their home in Indiana, with happy memories of this summer in Iowa. There had been school in the spring, work and play through the summer. Always on Sunday they went to Sunday School and preaching service at the little white school house half a mile east of the Greenville cross roads. Usually there was a minister for the service following Sunday School. If not, his place was filled by Elijah, who preached earnestly, from the depth of his heart, a sermon which touched and helped his audience. He was a Christian who lived what he preached.

### Need A Church

This part of the country was now thickly settled and the crowds that came for the Sunday services filled the little school house to overflowing. Time and again it was said, "We need a church building at Greenville." The subject was discussed intermittently for several months and finally was presented at the Friends quart-

appointed and the serious business of raising funds commenced. The summer of 1883 the new Friends Church was built at the southeast corner of the cross roads. Many years later, when the new town of Greenville was platted, the church was moved into town, a quarter of a mile northwest, and now fifty years later, it is still used by the Greenville Friends. This building meant a real sacrifice to the early members, the fulfillment of a dream of many years, looked forward to from that Sunday when a few Quaker pioneers met in Paul Macy's sod house and organized the Greenville Friends Church. To them and to their families and to the farming community for many miles around this church was a blessing. It was a community center. Almost everyone attended Sunday School and church. Old and young attended Thursday evening prayer meeting which was led by one of the members. There was Bible reading, prayer and testimony, interspersed with singing of the good old hymns. "Blessed Land," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," "Rock of Ages," and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." Songs that came from the heart and reached the throne. Before the Sunday evening preaching, the young people held their Christian Endeavor meeting, a service which meant much in the shaping of their young lives. Two young men who took an active part in these meetings, later spent many years in preaching the gospel in Friends Churches in the west and middle west.

### First Assistant

When the church was first built, Jacob and Hannah Hinshaw, both recorded ministers in the Friends Church, came down from their home at Lake Okoboji and preached in the Greenville church. The next year Rev. Enos Stubbs came with his family and served a resident pastor. Being a keen business man as well as an able minister, he saw a real need in this farming section. He erected a store building, with living rooms above for the family. He put in a stock of general merchandise, he serving in the double capacity of pastor and store keeper. A few years later the store, which was built at the cross roads, on the south

farm, was purchased and taken charge of by Albert. Eva was installed as first assistant. The post office and store were in the same building.

In 1884 came the last baby in the family of Albert and Lizzie, a brown eyed baby boy whom they named Fred William. Nora felt that "Little Freddie" was her special charge. Her dearest friend, Lulu Stubbs, the minister's daughter, took almost as great an interest in him.

### No Lunch

Lulu and Nora were about the same age and were inseparable playmates. One bright summer morning they were on their way to school, stopping along the way to pick wild roses which grow in abundance by the willow hedge at the side of the road. Lulu set her dinner pail down while she picked a rose, saw another one ahead, a lovelier one farther on and so went on from one rose to another, forgetting the precious lunch. When school was dismissed for first recess, the children dashed for their lunch pails to get a sandwich to sustain them until the noon hour. But Lulu's pail was not there. "Where is my dinner?" wailed the hungry little girl. "Where's Lulu's dinner pail?" echoed Nora. They searched high and low but the missing lunch was not found. Then Nora offered a suggestion, "Maybe thee left it by the hedge where we were picking roses this morning."

"Maybe I did. Yes, I just believe I did set it down." The teacher gave Lulu and Nora permission to go back to look for it. They put on their sun bonnets, tying them securely under their chins, for they must guard against tan and freckles. Down the road they ran, hand in hand, bare feet pattering on the dusty road. "If we don't find it, thee may have half of my lunch," offered Nora.

"No, thee will need it. We're going to keep on hunting until we find mine," answered Lulu with stern determination.

When they reached the place where the wild roses grew, thick along the willow hedge, they went slowly, searching for the dinner pail. "Oh, here it is!" called Lulu, "and the sun has made the pail so hot." Then removing the lid...





took out a ginger snap and took a bite. "And this ginger snap is hot, too, and soft. But I like it better than when it is cold and hard. Here Nora, thee taste it."

The ginger snap hastily disposed of, they scampered back to the school house in time to report to an interested audience who suspended a game of "Pom Pom Pull Away" to hear the result of their search.

When school closed for summer vacation, there were hours of play for the younger children in the shady maple grove, often with cousin Mantie Greene, Lulu Stubbs or the Bunker children as guests. One day Edna Bunker was playing with Clinton and Clara in the grove. Clinton said, "Edna, I'll bet I can beat thee running out to the road and back." Clara spoke up with wisdom beyond her five years, "Clintie, thee's a Quaker and Quakers don't bet."

(Continued Next Week)

Orvan was now doing a man's work in the field and sometimes Eva went to the field at hay making time and run the mowing machine or the hay rake. When her father had to be away on business she clerked in the store and post office. Nora was not well for a few years and on that account she was given only the lighter tasks. She sometimes grew tired of cleaning lamp chimneys, drying dishes and picking up corncocks for the kitchen fire, but never of caring for baby brother Freddie. On hot summer days, after Freddie had been fed and cared for, his mother would spread a quilt on the grass in the shade of an apple tree and he would spend happy hours there with Nora as guardian.

The old red barn, which had been built north of the house after the last sod stable of pioneer days had been abandoned, was now badly in need of repair and too small for the increased number of stock kept on the farm, so it was decided to build a larger barn. The old one was torn down and a fine new barn was built southwest of the house, at the end of the grove, facing on the east and west road.

A blacksmith shop had been built on the corner, across the road south of the store, with Clark Snow serving as village blacksmith. This shop supplied a real need in the farming

community, for it was a long trip to Spencer or Sioux Rapids when repairs were needed. Clark whistled or sang as he pounded out the white hot iron. In the words of Longfellow—

"The children coming home from school

Looked in at the open door;

They loved to see the flaming forge and hear the bellows roar

And catch the burning sparks that fly like chaff from a threshing floor"

#### Spelling Bee

The Greenville school district was a large one. When the school house was first built, this was necessary in order to have enough pupils to maintain a school. But now the district was more thickly populated. Farmers were saying: "We need a smaller school district with the school house more centrally located." Consequently a new school house was built and the district was divided to accommodate the Mills, Eckley and Brallier families and others who had been coming across the prairie from the southeast to attend school. The little white school house which had served for school and church for many years, was moved to Greenville and located across the road from Albert's home.

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# PIONEER DAYS

## Chapter XI

Even after the district was divided, Greenville had a large school with the children of the Greene, Macy, Barglof, Bowers, Bunker, and Dodge families attending. Since early days, the most common form of entertainment during the winter months had been the occasional spelling school and the weekly or semi-monthly lyceum. Old and young for miles around attended these entertainments. Often the young people came from other neighborhoods in bob sled loads, sleighbells jingling. And if there was a tip-over into a snow drift, no one cared for it was all in the evening's fun.

The entertainment started with a program of recitations, dialogues and singing. Once when Orvan was a small lad, he was blacked up for the mischievous little darkey boy in a dialogue. Before the program began, someone lifted him up so he could see over the curtain and he kept the waiting audience in roars of laughter with his grinning pantomime. After the program there was an intermission, filled with visiting, stories, and jokes. This was followed by the real business of the evening — spelling, if it was a spelling school, or debating, if it was lyceum.

Subject of debate, was usually a deep one which took much study and preparation. The lyceum measured up to Webster's definition, "An association for debate and literary improvement."

### Good Spellers

And the spelling school! How the youngsters of that day could spell! Some farm families spent many winter evenings gathered around the hard coal heater, spelling. Father, mother, and the older girls and boys took turns pronouncing words around the family circle, being careful to give the beginner such words as cat, dog, boy. There were several good spellers among the young people who attended the spelling schools. These were chosen first when it came time to choose up sides for the spelling contest. It was quite an honor for the one who outshined all the others. With the passing of winter and the beginning of spring work, the spelling schools and lyceums dropped.

### Sunday School Picnic

During the 'summer there were Sunday afternoon visits, buggy riding, horseback riding, and the most important event of the summer, the Sunday school picnic.

The Greene's had a white pony which Albert and the children rode. The girls had a side saddle and long black riding habits, both of which were considered necessary for a girl when riding horseback. Eva became quite an expert horsewoman. Nora was not so good at staying on the pony when it shyed. Twice she was tossed to the ground, but with no more serious results than a badly swollen eye and numerous bruises. Orvan could ride any horse or pony on the farm and he always stayed in the saddle, regardless of shying or bucking.

Albert never lost his love for a fine driving horse. He had a team of ponies which were such fast-steppers that the neighbors called them, "Al Greene's jack rabbits". He never let anyone pass his "jack rabbits" on the road. Then there was "old Flora", the old reliable of pioneer days, for the little folks to ride.

### Freddie

When Freddie was three years old, he was such a lively lad that it kept the family watching to know where he was.

"Where's Freddie?" mother would call from the kitchen door.

"He was here with us just a minute ago," the other children would answer, then a big hunt would be started.

Once when such a search was in progress, Nora went and looked down into the high-curbed, open well, where the "two old oaken buckets, the iron bound buckets, the moss-covered buckets that hung in the well" were fastened with a rope over a pulley. But there was no sign of the little brother. She saw only her own freckled face reflected in the water. Just then some one called, "Here he is. We've found Freddie." And there he was asleep in a wagon which was standing in the yard.

Not so successful was another hunt, for this time Freddie had wandered farther away. He was playing in the yard when he saw his father walking up the road to Elijah's, a quarter of

a mile north. An exciting game was on and the other children did not see Freddie when he went out to the road and started to follow his father. He saw so many interesting things along the road that he failed to notice when his father turned in at Elijah's home. So he continued to trudge along the dusty road. Finally he was found on the road a mile from home, by a family who had just that spring moved into the neighborhood. They took him into the house. The dusty, tear-streaked face and the dirty hands were washed and he was fed, while they asked him over and over, "Who's boy are you, and where do you live?"

"Papa's boy. I live at home" was the sleepy answer of the weary wanderer. A neighbor boy, Arthur Dodge, stopped on his way to the post office and he recognized the lost child.

### Al Greene's Boy

"I believe that's Al Greene's little boy", said Arthur, meanwhile, there was great excitement at the Greene home.

"Where is Freddie?" came the old familiar call from the kitchen door and the usual answer.

"He was here a minute ago," but the minutes had been many and no Freddie was in sight. They hunted over every inch of the house and barn, the yard and grove. Nora and Lulu went over to the store to see if he had been there. A man who was in the store said, "I saw two Indians pass here a little while ago. The squaw was riding a pony and the man was walking; maybe they stole the little boy."

"Indians!" Nora and Lulu looked at each other in horror, "Freddie stolen by Indians!" Just then Arthur Dodge rode up to the store on horseback and called, "Say, Greene's little boy is up at Tronso's. They found him crying out in the road in front of their house." Albert took a horse and buggy and drove up to get the lost boy.

When he drove into the yard, Freddie said, "Oh, there's my papa!"

### Sleep In Furrow

The fall after Freddie was four years old, he spent most of the time in the field where Orvan was plowing. He would follow behind the plow until he



became tired, then Tie down in the furrow and go to sleep. Orvan kept a sharp lookout for the little brother; whenever he found him asleep he carried him over the edge of the field and layed him in the shade of a tree to finish his nap. When the sleeping job was taken care of, the little farmer would sit up, rub his eyes and look around to get his bearings, then up and after the plow.

#### **Black Hill Spruce**

In 1887, M. E. Griffen gave Albert some Black Hill spruce, which Orvan set out around the buildings on the home place, and they are now full grown trees. Mr. Griffen had the Black Hill spruce shipped in from the west and set out all around his two sections of land, known as the Griffen Ranch, a mile north of Greenville. The first windmill in this part of the county, a wooden tower with a wooden wheel, was located on this ranch.





# PIONEER DAYS

Chapter VII



About this time occurred the last big prairie fire; it was started by a farmhand on the Griffen Ranch. It got beyond control and roared away over the dry prairie to the east and south. It burned over a large tract of hay land and destroyed many tons of hay, but no farm buildings were burned. Everyone turned out to fight this big prairie fire; fire breaks were plowed, backfires were set and every known method of fire-fighting was employed.

A young man who lived south of Greenville was riding his horse up and down the line of fire; the horse stepped into aopher hole, stumbled and threw the rider into the seething mass of flames. Before he could get out he was terribly burned about the head and arms. Willing hands helped him up and he was taken home. Albert caught the riderless horse, and called to a group of men who were fighting fire, "Charlie Mates is dreadfully burned, someone must go for a doctor quick." As a young man volunteered, Albert said, "Here, take Charlie's horse. It will make it to Spencer quicker than any other horse." Away dashed the horse with his new rider to bring the doctor from Spencer as quickly as possible.

## Thought Burns Fatal

For several days it seemed that the burns would prove fatal and it was many weeks before Charlie was able to be out; when he finally recovered, he was left with deep scars on his face and neck, on his hands and arms. After his accident, fires were watched more closely and no similar catastrophe occurred.

Late every fall, Sam Allebaugh came into the neighborhood with his threshing machine to thresh out the stacked grain. This machine, the only one in that part of the country, was operated by horse power. When everything

was in readiness with six teams hitched to the horse power, the teams were started on their all day tramp, around and around, around and around, furnishing power to run the threshing machine. At last came the time when Sam had saved enough money to purchase an engine. He discarded the old horse power and used the new engine to run his threshing machine. Excitement ran high when Sam pulled in with his new engine to start the first job of threshing in the neighborhood. Men, women, and children flocked around the threshing outfit to see the wonder worker. Comments flew thick and fast.

"My, ain't that wonderful that such modern machinery should come to our neighborhood?"

"Here, youngsters, keep away from that big belt or you'll get tossed up sky high."

"Say, kids, come and look at this new water tank; I'll bet it holds as much as our well."

"Pa, where's the tumbling rod the horses used to step over?"

"Wonder how much fuel it takes to run that big engine a day." "That engine sure makes it easier for the horses."

"I guess everything has been invented. Don't see what else anyone could think of."

"Yes, unless it would be some kind of a machine to fly up in the air with like birds, instead of riding on the ground with a horse and buggy," which comment raised a big laugh.

"Well," said Albert, "this is a big improvement over the way we used to do when we first began to farm on our homestead here. We never thought then that we would ever have any outfit like this to do our threshing."

Just then Sam, who was running the engine, blew a long, loud blast on the whistle, which made everyone jump and

brought forward squeals of laughter from the excited children.

## Stacking Straw

During the threshing season, Levi always asked to work in the straw stack; since that was a hot dusty job that most men disliked, they were glad to turn it over to him. With another man to help him, they built most of the straw stacks in the neighborhood. Levi was perfectly happy when he could put on colored goggles to protect his eyes from the dust, stand in the dustiest place at the end of the straw carrier and pitch straw all day.

## Clean Ticks

At the close of the threshing season, when there were stacks of fresh yellow straw, the bed ticks were emptied of the old broken straw and the ticks were washed. Then Lizzie would say, "Come girls, we'll fill the ticks with fresh straw and have new beds tonight." Away they would go to the nearest straw stack, fill the clean ticks with fresh straw, first shaking out the chaff, working the straw down into the corners, cramming the tick to bulging fullness. The ticks were then carried to the house, the opening sewed up, and it was ready to be placed on the bed. The children could hardly wait until bed time to try out the new straw beds, with always a joke about getting a ladder to reach the top.

The two feather beds which belonged to the household equipment were used in the parent's room and in the guest room. For, however overcrowded the other rooms might be, there was always reserved the one "spare room" for possible guests. And there were many guests entertained in this hospitable home. Especially at the time of the Friends quarterly meeting at the church, the house always had its full share of ministers and lay members who came from a distance to attend the meetings.

At this time Saturday and





Sunday dinner meant that the children must wait. And that dinner hour seemed long to the hungry youngsters. They thought that there should be less visiting and more time devoted to the real business of the hour. When at last the final helping of fried chicken and the last piece of pumpkin pie had been disposed of and the older group had gone to the parlor to continue their visiting, the children were served. Needless to say, they did full justice to the generous portions which had been reserved for them.

#### Floors And Carpets

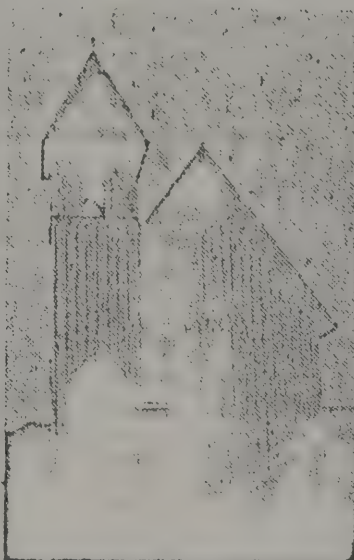
A part of the fall house-cleaning in which the newly threshed straw played a part was when the rag carpets were taken up and the floors and carpets were cleaned. The old straw which had been under the carpet was removed and baskets of fresh clean straw were brought in, to be evenly distributed over the floor, then the carpet was tacked down again. The children liked to run across the carpet with its springy underfilling.

One vacation trip was taken when Albert and Lizzie and Nora spent a week at Des Moines visiting in the home of Lizzie's brother, Lin and attending the State Fair. To Nora, the most important part of this trip was her first street car ride.

Two years later Lizzie took Clara with her on a trip to Beatrice, Nebraska, where they visited Lizzie's brothers Lee and David. And Albert made a trip to Indiana and Ohio, visiting relatives and renewing old friendships.

There had been many changes in the Greenville neighborhood; some of the early pioneers had moved to other states and new families had moved in. Some had passed out of this life into the great beyond. Will Greene had been taken with measles, a relapse, then the end

## The Quaker Church



This was the Friends church built in Spencer by the Quaker Pioneers who came to Clay county early in its settlement.

came suddenly, leaving his wife, Sarah, and their two-year-old daughter, Mabel.

#### Insurance As a Side-Line

Paul and Docia Macy had sold their homestead and with their family moved to Oregon. Albert's brother, Asa, had moved his family out from Indiana and located on a farm four miles northwest of Greenville. Albert had taken up insurance as a side-line and was devoting more and more of his time for this business, leaving Eva in charge of the store and post office, and Orvan and a hired man did the farm work. Later, the store was sold to Albert's sister, Rhoda, and her husband, Caleb Lewis, who came out from Ohio and took over the business.

Albert's health was breaking down, so on a doctor's orders, he went south and spent three months at the home of his brother, Dr. Eli Greene, at

Atlanta, Georgia. He returned home much improved in health and again took up his insurance business.

Early in the summer of 1890 six-year-old Freddie complained of a sore throat, and it was noticed that he had a fever, but he continued to play around and no one thought of its being anything serious. In a few days the other children became very ill, first Clinton and Clara, then Eva, Nora and Orvan. A doctor was called from Spencer and he pronounced it diphtheria.

#### Sore Ankle Walk On Crutches

For three weeks before this, Lizzie had not been able to walk a step, following an operation for an abscess on her ankle. She had been going around on crutches for a week when the children were taken sick. Now she hobbled from one bed to another helping Albert wait on the children, giving medicine, turning the fever heated pillows.

The doctor warned that there was danger of infection in the incision in her ankle and ordered her upstairs where she would be away from the diphtheria patients. But with her usual courage she answered quietly, "The children need me. I will stay here and do

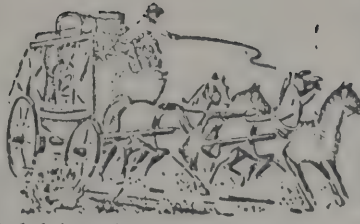
what I can to help, no matter what happens to me," and she stayed.

Soon after Lizzie's operation, while she was still unable to walk, a neighbor girl came in who was just recovering from the mumps and the whole family was exposed. Lizzie was the first to contract the disease. Then the children, by this time ill with diphtheria, one after another took the mumps. Their throats were so badly swollen inside and out, that the doctor said it was hard to tell which had diphtheria and which had both that and mumps. Then came the final misfortune; Albert was taken with a burning fever. "Typhoid," the doctor said and left some capsules.





# PIONEER DAYS



Then, when family affairs were at their lowest ebb, came Susan Greene, Asa's wife. Regardless of quarantine, she came to the home in this dark hour like an angel of mercy. She was an experienced practical nurse; she had raised a family of ten children and then taken into their home a motherless grandson. She knew how to work magic with home remedies, so she went to work on Albert's fever-tortured body, giving him cup after cup of tea brewed from home cured herbs. She worked with him until he was perspiring freely and the grip of the fever was broken. The next morning the temperature was normal, much to the doctor's surprise. All of the children except Freddie had diphtheria in its most malignant form. It seemed almost a miracle that all recovered. At last they were out of danger, but the road to recovery was long. It was mid-summer before they were all back to normal health.

The following year Eva attended Mrs. Lincoln's private school in Spencer. The next fall she went to Indianapolis, Indiana, and lived with her Aunt Rebecca Greist and the cousins while she took a course in typing and shorthand. Returning to Spencer, she worked in a bank for several years.

Orvan attended high school in Spencer one year. The next year he and Nora attended a Friend's Academy at New Providence, Iowa. The following year Orvan was a student at Penn College, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Insurance was taking all of Albert's time, so he decided to open an office in Spencer. The farm was rented to Lee Stanfield. Albert and Lizzie and their family moved to Spencer in September 1893. After living more than twenty-four years on this farm, into which they had put so much of their very lives in hard work, privation and sacrifice, it was not easy to leave it for a new home.

Albert had served as post master for twenty-two years, justice of the peace for twenty-one years and had filled the offices of township clerk and other township offices. They felt that no other church could be quite like their own beloved Friends Church at Greenville, which they had helped organize at that meeting in Paul Macy's sod house on that Sunday afternoon so long ago.

They had made the prairie land of their homestead into a cultivated farm, which was the first home they had ever owned.

In the words of Edgar Guest, "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it Home". They had done "a heap o' livin'" on that farm and it was "Home". Many years later their daughter, Nora, wrote these lines, descriptive of the ideal home:

"A real home is a friendly place

To drop all outside care,  
To get acquainted with our own

And learn to love and share  
We learn to serve because we love

To share in thought and deed,  
To live close to the ones we love,

To know their every need.

The family unit as a whole  
God made the ideal home,  
To draw with cords of love  
and prayer,

Those who may have to roam.

In everything co-operate,  
Laughter, hard work, and play,

With music and a book to read

Make up the family day.  
New Home

The new home which Albert and Lizzie purchased in Spencer was convenient to the office, which Albert had opened for his growing business, there was a good opportunity for the children to get an education and the family learned to love their new home. Orvan brought some ash and elm trees from the John Painter farm, five miles south of Spencer, and set them out to beautify the new home, which was located on Grove Street. Flowering shrubs and lilies and roots of the red rhubarb or wine plant which came with them from Marshall County in the covered wagon, were now transplanted from the Greenville farm to Spencer, grafting a part of the old home onto the new.

A Friends Church had been recently organized at Spencer. They placed their membership there and entered into the work of helping to build up the new church, even as they had helped to organize and build up the pioneer church at Greenville.

They knew they would never return to the farm to live, so when a railroad was built through Greenville, and it was planned to locate the new town of Greenville on part of their land and part of the Paul Macy farm, Albert and Lizzie sold their farm to the railroad company. After the death of Lizzie's mother, they had bought the eighty acres of unimproved land half a mile east of Greenville. When land prices advanced, they sold this farm.

After the family moved to

Spencer, Orvan worked in a dental office for a year, then went to Indianapolis and took a course in dentistry at the Indiana State University. After receiving his degree, he located at Clinton, Iowa for the practice of dentistry.

Eva had met Oscar Jenkins, the young man who won her heart, while attending school in Indianapolis. After a brief courtship there and a more extended one by correspondence and one visit that Oscar made to Spencer, they were married on Christmas eve, 1895, and went to Indianapolis to establish their new home.

Nora had taught one term of country school before moving to Spencer. She attended Spencer high school two years, then went to Indiana and took a course in shorthand and typing at the same private school where Eva had taken her business training, also making her home with the Greist's. Returning to Spencer she worked in a bank for five years. Then in the spring of 1901 she married "the only man in the world", Clarence Thuirer, who was a music teacher and operated a music store in Spencer. Two years later Clarence gave up teaching, sold the store and they moved to the Thuirer farm, eight miles northwest of Spencer where five of their children, Leland, Merrill, Florence, Marjorie, and Dale, grew to young manhood and womanhood, and where they lost a baby boy, Ralph, at the age of fourteen months. This farm is still their home.

Clinton Joins Tourist Party  
The Greene children were growing up and scattering, as do all families. Clinton graduated from Spencer High School and clerked a year in Spencer. The summer of 1900 he





spent two months touring Europe. They sailed from New York City on the steamship "City of Rome" on the second day of June, and disembarked at Londonderry, Ireland on the ninth. Two other Spencer residents, Miss Mary Riley and Fred Roberts, also went with the tourist group on this same European trip.

The party visited Ireland, Wales, England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, and back to England and Scotland, where they embarked for America July 28, on the steamer, "Anchonia". On the ninth of August, they arrived in New York City. They were in London the week of the funeral services of Queen Victoria and saw some of the flowers, still fresh, which were used at her funeral. Two days were spent at Ober Ammergau, where they witnessed the famous Passion Play. For Clinton this trip combined pleasure and education. The family at home enjoyed it through his letters, which gave vivid descriptions of the historic places visited.

After his return home Clinton continued clerking in Spencer. He served one year as State Superintendent of the Young Peoples Society of Christian Endeavor of the Friends Church, spending most of the winter of 1900 and 1901, he went to Oskaloosa, Iowa and started his four year course at Penn College, which he completed in three years. The following year he was principal of the Friends Academy at Pleasant Plain. While teaching there he contracted tuberculosis. He went to a homestead in North Dakota but in a short time he became so ill that he came home to Spencer. As soon as he was able to travel, in December 1906, his father took him to Phoenix, Arizona.

#### Clara Graduated

Clara graduated from Spencer High School, then from the four year course at Penn College. She taught one year in the Friends College at Central City, Nebraska. Coming home

to visit Clinton at Thanksgiving, before he was taken to Arizona, she too contracted tuberculosis. She came back to Spencer early in the spring, went to North Dakota for a few weeks, came back to Spencer and was taken to Arizona, where she lived a year and a half, passing away in 1910.

Clinton wrote the following account of her death; "The cheerfulness and bravery with which she came to the end were beautiful to see and were the marvel of all who knew her. Thus she passed away;— Day dawned beautifully on the twentieth of June. The heavenly artist covered the eastern sky with mellow-glowing hues. High banks of rose-clouds tokened the rose-strewn land in which she soon would walk, unto whose shore she even then was nearing. For a moment the sun hung hesitant behind the hills; for one brief instant the music of the world ceased, while the spirit slipped from its earthly habitation and went to its eternal home. Then the sun blazed forth in all its glory, betokening the Father's joy over a child come home."





# PIONEER DAYS



Six years after Clara's death, Clinton was released from his nine years of invalidism when he passed away from this life in April 1916, at a hospital in Phoenix. During his last illness, a deaconess, Miss Lulu Clifton, had visited him at the hospital every day to give him cheer and encouragement. After his death she sent the following verses to his parents;

## "The Problem of Life"

"He has solved it, life's wonderful problem,

The deepest, the strangest, the last,  
And into the school of the angels

With the answer forever has passed.

How strange that in spite of our questionings

He maketh no answer, nor tells

Why so soon were life's honoring laurels

Dispelled by God's immortelles.

How strange he could sleep so profoundly,

So young, so unworn by the strife,

While beside him, brimful of hopes nectar,

Untouched stood the goblet of life.

Men sleep like that when the evening

Of a long dreary day drop-peth down,

But he wrought so well that the morning

Brought him the rest and the crown.

'Tis idle to talk of the future

And the vain "might have been" mid our tears.

God knew all about it, yet took him

Away from the oncoming years.

God knew all about it, how noble,

How gentle he was and how brave,

How bright his possible future,

Yet put him to sleep in the grave.

God knew all about those who love him,

How bitter the trial must be,

And right through it all God is loving

And knows so much better than we."

So right in the darkness be thankful.

One day you will say, "It is well".

God took from his brow earthly laurels

And crowned him with death's immortelles."

Clinton was brought to Spencer and laid beside Clara in the family lot in Riverside cemetery. During their long illness, their mother spent several years in Arizona caring for them. Their father made many trips to Phoenix for visits of a few weeks each time.

Eva and Oscar had left Indiana and came to Spencer to go into the insurance business with Eva's father. A few years later they and their little daughter Ruth moved to Fort Dodge, Iowa. Their next move was to a homestead in North Dakota. After proving up on this homestead they returned to Spencer.

## Orvan Marries

While Orvan was living at Clinton, Iowa he became acquainted with Gertrude Wheeler, a school teacher who was visiting friends in the city. In October of the next year they were married and established their new home in Clinton.

That same month Fred was married to the sweetheart of his boyhood days, Susie Carver. They went to live on a homestead in North Dakota, later moving to Spencer where their four daughters, Beatrice, Madeline, Alberta, and Florence, have all grown to young womanhood.

## Second Generation Homestead

Eva and Fred were the second generation of homesteaders in the Greene family. Years later a granddaughter of Albert and Lizzie's, Florence Thirer Harmon, went as a bride to the west coast where she and her husband spent three years on a timbered homestead in the mountains of Oregon.

The call of new land had drawn Albert and Lizzie to the open prairie of the northwestern part of Iowa in 1869. The oldest and the youngest of their family, Eva and Fred, had responded to the homesteading urge and taken claims in North Dakota in 1905, and the granddaughter went pioneering to Oregon in 1933.

Responding to the call of the west, Orvan and Gertrude left Iowa and moved to Sunny California and located at Whittier.

Albert continued in the insurance business until his seventieth birthday, when he decided to retire. While living in Spencer he served four years on the council and twelve years on the school board.

## Sold Home In Spencer

The following fall, in September 1916, Albert and Lizzie sold their home in Spencer; taking Levi with them, they went to Whittier, California, to spend their last years in that mild climate in the land of flowers. They purchased a home a few blocks from the home of Orvan and Gertrude. When they moved to California they transferred their church membership to the Friends Church at Whittier. This church had the largest membership and the largest and most beautiful church building of any church to which they had ever belonged. They found the Whittier Friends to be true to their name, "friendly", and the newcomers soon felt at home in the church.

There were many Iowa families in and near Whittier. They often saw old neighbors. — The Dr. Collesster and Dr. Knight families and many others—tried and true friends of other days. The Spencer-Whittier picnic, held each summer in a park at Whittier, was a happy time of renewing old friendships. That larger gathering, the Iowa picnic, held each winter, included many tourists from Iowa.

## Visit Every Two Years

When Albert and Lizzie moved to California they promised their children that they would come back to Iowa for a visit every two years. This they did, with the exception of one summer when Albert was too ill to travel. That time there was an interval of three years between trips.

When they made their first visit to Iowa in 1918, their golden wedding anniversary was





celebrated on November 28, with a reception in their honor, sponsored by their children. All their relatives in this part of Iowa and many friends came to offer congratulations.

#### Oscar And Eva Sell Home

Three years after Albert and Lizzie and Levi went to California to live, Oscar, and Eva sold their home in Spencer and with their youngest daughter, Wilma, moved to Whittier where they bought a home. Their daughter Ruth, had married the year before and gone to Kansas City to live.

Levi passed away and was laid in a beautiful cemetery near Whittier. With the exception of six years, Levi had made his home with Albert and Lizzie ever since the death of his mother, that first year on the homestead at Greenville. Through all those years, they were a real father and mother to the unfortunate brother.

The summer of 1924 Nora went to California and spent two months visiting her father and mother and other relatives and friends. She and her father and mother went by bus down the coast to San Diego where they visited Lizzie's brother Lin and his wife, and Lizzie's youngest sister, Sarah. This was a happy summer for Albert and Lizzie, when they could have near them three of their children, Eva, Orvan and Nora. They took Nora on many interesting sight seeing drives, through Turnbull Canyon, over to Long Beach on the Coast, to Los Angeles and Pasadena and Hollywood. A trip was made to Catalina Island, with Oscar and Wilma serving as guides. The summer was all too short, but it left many happy memories.

#### Last Journey To Iowa

The next summer Albert and Lizzie made their last journey back to the old home in Iowa. They visited their children and grandchildren and many friends. They made a trip to the old homestead at Greenville and attended Sunday services at the Friends church which they had helped to build. They prolonged their visit until after the Clay County Fair in October, where they met old friends and neighbors from all over the County. As they were leaving for their western home, Albert said, "In all the visits we have made back to Iowa, I never met so many old friends or saw as near everyone that I wanted to see."

They returned to California and again took up their every day life in the comfortable bungalow home with its lovely setting of grass and flowers.

They took short drives and sometimes went to the beach, where they would sit watching the ocean waves billowing in from the broad expanse of the Pacific. Lizzie said, "This reminds me of our Iowa Lakes—East and West Okoboji and Spirit Lake."

"Yes, only there's a lot more of this," Albert answered.

"Does thee remember when a crowd of the young folks, Eva, Jobe, Warren and Elmer Greene, Cora Bowers and Anna Mills drove up to the lakes from Greenville in a lumber wagon? They started about four o'clock in the morning."

#### Spring Seats

"Well, at least the wagon had spring seats, and thee remembers we used to use a board for a seat, and then how glad we were when we could afford to buy a spring seat for the wagon."

"And now the young folks go to the lakes in almost no time with an automobile."

"How times have changed. But we're glad our children have more conveniences than we had when we started out."

"Maybe it was just as well that we didn't know, when we were living in a sod house on the prairie, that sometime we would be riding in a 'horseless-carriage' and seeing mountains and the ocean."

"After all, it's a pretty good old world," and with that point settled, the conversation trailed off into silence as they meditated on their blessings.

At home, there were afternoon drives to call on friends, quiet evenings together on the porch or in the living room. Often they sat with rocking chairs drawn close together, Albert's hand resting on Lizzie's as they talked over old times.

#### Three-Day Blizzards

"Lizzie, does thee remember the big three-day blizzards we used to have when we were homesteading in Iowa?"

"Yes, Albert, and I can never forget the one that came when thee was on a trip to Storm Lake and I couldn't sleep that night, thinking maybe thee was lost in the storm."

"Well, I wasn't, but I had no way of calling up to let thee know that I was safe and warm in a sod house near Sioux Rapids."

#### Grasshoppers

"And then the time the grasshoppers let down just when the crops were about ready to harvest. Those were hard times."

"Yes, but the Lord has cared for us and we have both lived past 'three score years and ten', Lizzie answered.

"Surely God has been good to us, to let us spend these

last few years of our lives together in this comfortable home."

"And there have always been friends all along the way," said Lizzie, still thinking back over the years of their long life together. And so the days passed, happy, tranquil, free from worry. Albert was still able to drive the car around town, but had now given up the longer trips.

In January after their last trip to Iowa, they attended the Spencer-Whittier picnic, held in the park at Whittier. That night Albert was taken very ill. After three weeks of illness, on February fifth, 1926, he was released from his suffering, "for God took him home".

Lizzie and Orvan brought the body back to Spencer for burial.

Returning to Whittier, Lizzie again took up her home life. She preferred to go on living in her own home rather than "break up housekeeping" and go to live with the children. So she passed the days quietly, spending much time with her well-loved flowers. She made little complaint; her grief was too deep for words, but something had gone out of her life that could never be replaced.

Orvan and Gertrude, Oscar, Eva and Wilma went in every day to see that she was all right and that she had everything she wanted. For the first few months Wilma stayed with her every night. Then she said, "Wilma, thee doesn't need to feel that thee must come over every night. I can stay alone and nothing will harm me."

A year after Albert's death Lizzie began to plan for another visit to Iowa. "I want to have one more visit with the children there and see how much the grandchildren have grown," she said.

One Sunday in April she seemed to have a cold, so she decided not to go to church. She was up and around and she said, "Don't worry about me. I'll be all right in a day or two." She wrote a letter to Alfred that day in which she gave the same reassurance. Late that afternoon she called Eva and said she was not feeling well. Oscar and Eva hurried over and found that she was far from well. They called

the doctor and Orvan and Gertrude. That evening they got a trained nurse and everything possible was done for her. In the early morning of the second day, April 12, 1927, on her seventy-eighth birthday anniversary, she closed her eyes to this world and went to meet her beloved Albert in "the house of many mansions" which had been prepared for her.

Oscar and Eva brought back to Iowa for burial, by side the bodies of these Quaker pioneers rest in I soil, at Spencer Riverside cemetery. Their youngest son, Fred, is the sexton at this cemetery and he takes loving care of their graves.

"They rest from their labors and their works do follow them." — Revelations 14:13.

THE END





# PRAISES

"The Greenville Story" written by Mrs. Elenora Thuirer and carried exclusively in The Times recently has received praise from far and wide for its truly original and interesting account of the Northwest Iowa pioneers. Here are some of the fine comments received from scattered parts of the country:

"Thanks for that copy of The Spencer Times and the historic account of Dear Old Greenville. Most of the old timers I remember. I hope I can get the rest of the story. I am so glad to see that picture of Uncle Albert and Aunt Lizzie (Greene). It looks like they did, as I remember them back in 1887." — Lora Stanfield Smith, Vancouver, Washington.

"I was so pleased to have the copy of the 'Pioneer' story. I hope to have all of it. I will send it on to sister Lizzie, at Whittier, Calif. for her and Edward to read, while he is visiting there. — You surely did a good piece of writing. I can't see how you remembered it all so well." — Mary Greene Sprague, Des Moines.

"We are getting a lot of pleasure out of the story you have written and published in The Spencer Times. We hope to receive all of the chapters as they are published. Our daughter Lillian of Mason City and our son Edwin at Newton each want the full publication of the story." — Dr. Curtis W. Greene, Grinnell.

"Thanks for sending that chapter of the Pioneer Story you wrote. I have sent it around in our family letter. It will go to Quincy in New Mexico; to Nellie and Ethel in Minneapolis; to Della in Canada. We think it is very interesting." — Maude Stanfield Cole, Bradenton, Fla.

"I ordered The Spencer Times and have been reading your story with still more chapters to follow. I got a scrap book to put the story in. It is all so interesting to me. You see, I can remember so many of mothers' people and some of the other names are familiar or I have heard of them. I am sure all who read it will enjoy it. It was so nice to read

of my mother in your Pioneer Story". — Edith Sprague Myers, Chicago, Ill.

"I wrote to The Spencer Times for your Pioneer Story but they didn't have all the back numbers. Was sorry I could not get all of it. Am sure it was very interesting. I remember when we lived in Spencer and our high school class of 1896 went on a hay-rack ride to Greenville. That was a trip I will always remember." — Edith Brande, Portland, Oregon.

"Thanks so much for The Spencer Times. I was going to see if I could order the rest of them with the Greenville story. I find it very interesting indeed." — Ruth Jenkins Law, San Diego, Cal.

"I am reading each chapter of the Greene 'Pioneer Story'. It is interesting and it reminds me of the years I attended church and Sunday school and Christian Endeavor meetings at

the Friends Church at Greenville and at Spencer." — Blanche Ford Pickering, Pasadena, Cal.

"When I read the Greenville Pioneer story in The Times, I was most interested in the part where you and I picked wild roses to take to our school teacher . . . and I lost my lunch pail. After reading it, I felt like I had seen a moving picture of 'Nora and Lulu'." — Lulu Stubbins Sampson, Des Moines, Iowa.



ALBERT GREENE



LIZZIE GREENE

ED NOTE: We take pleasure in reprinting excerpts from the story written by Mrs. Elnora Greene Thuirer of her parents, Lizzie and Albert Greene, first settlers of Greenville. Entitled "Quaker Pioneers", the story is truly warm, rich and inspiring and should offer young and old here the greater appreciation of their land and heritage.—The story will continue in several installments.

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